The SPHERE

Vol. CXXI. No. 1580 MAY 3, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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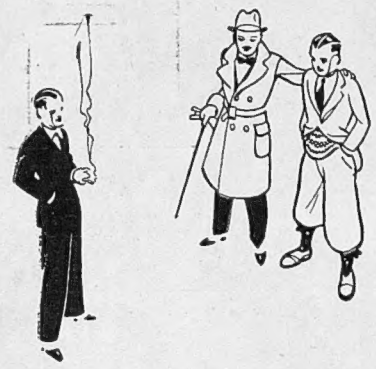

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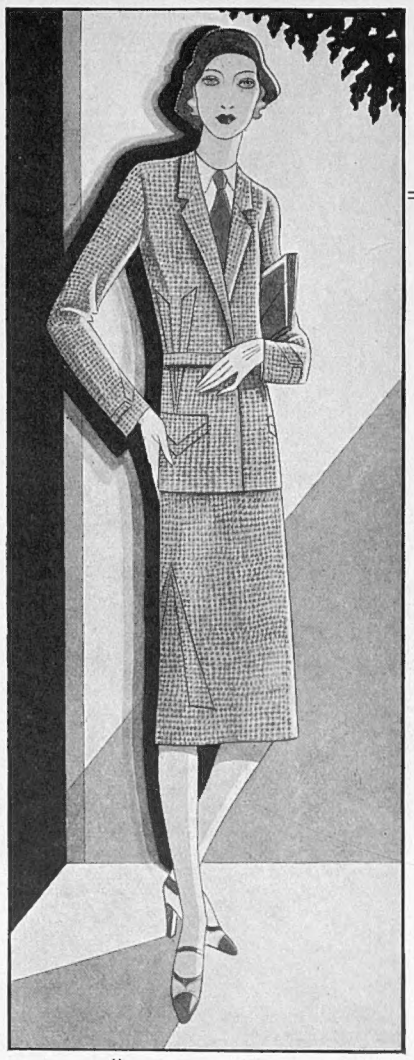

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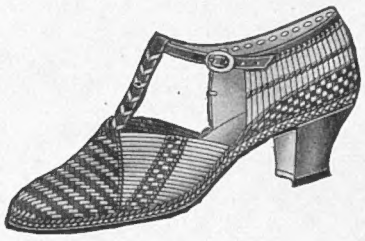

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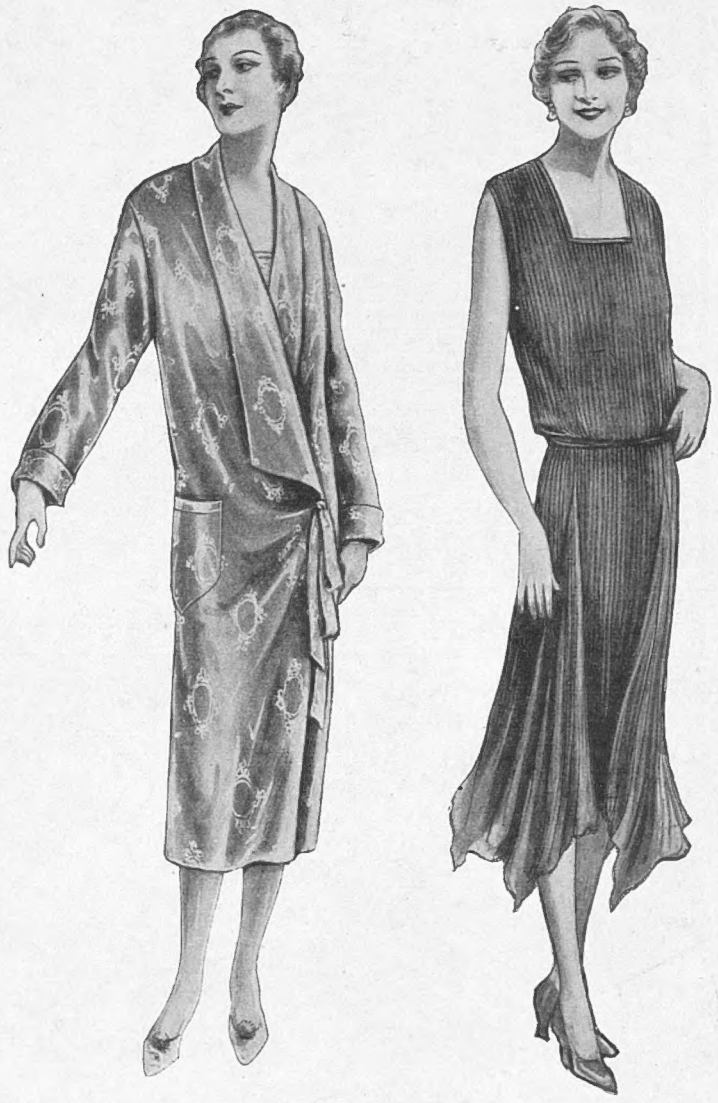

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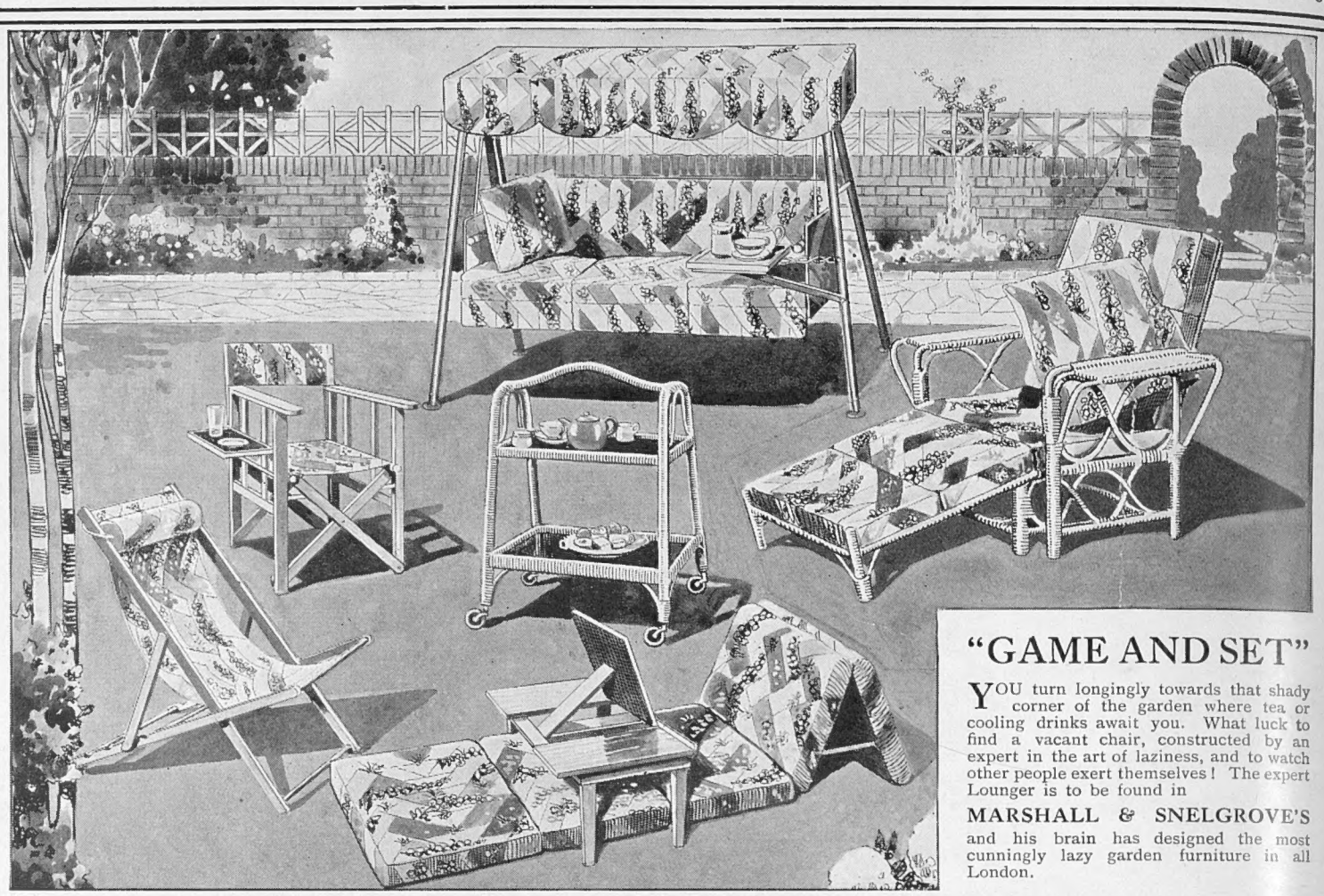

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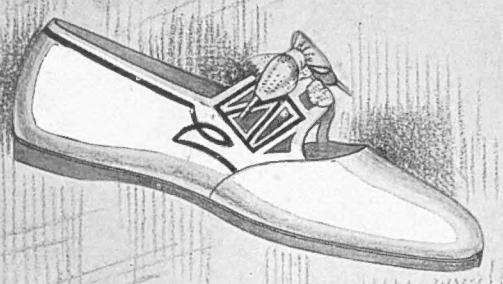

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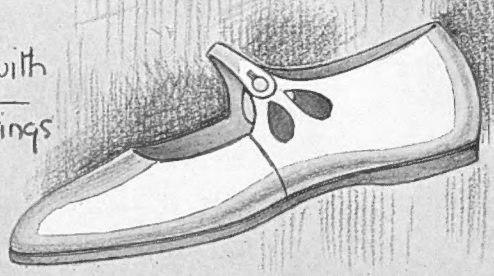

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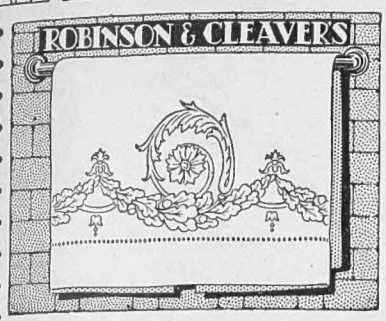

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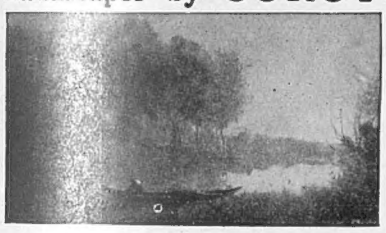

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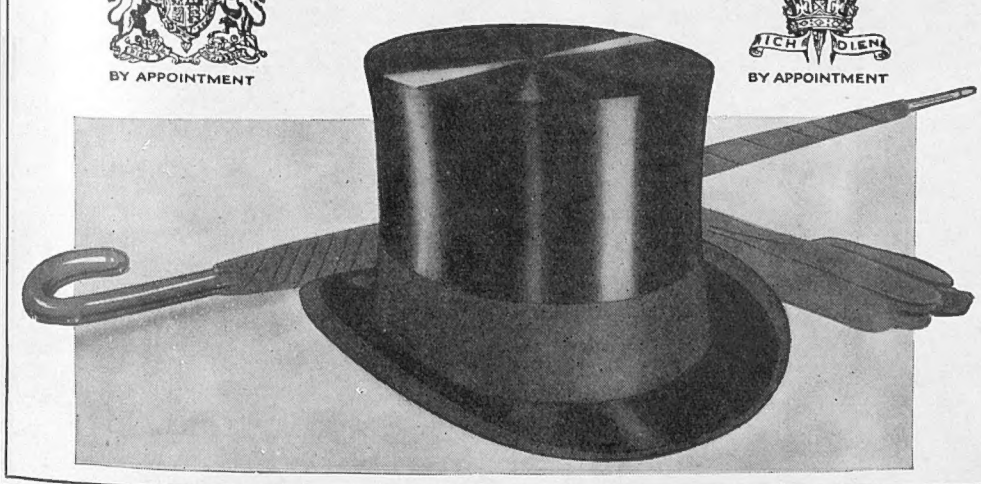

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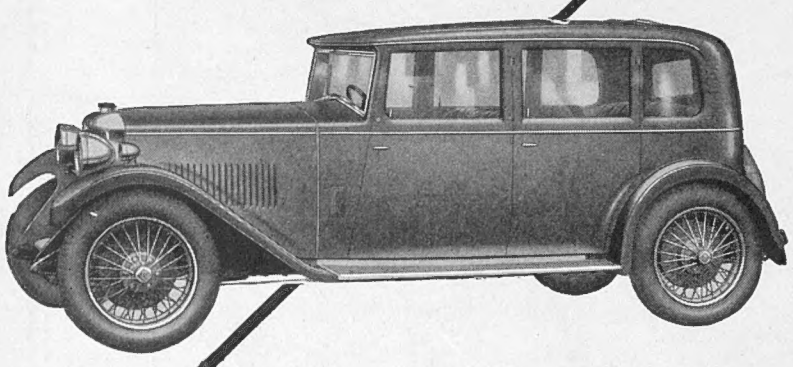

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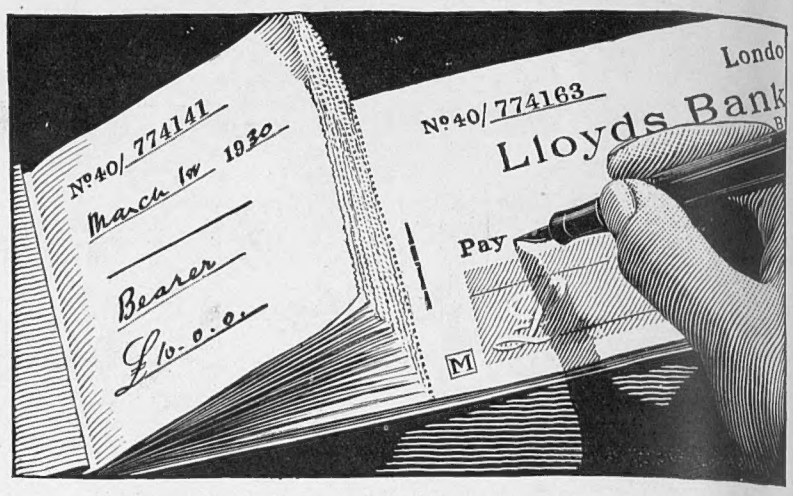

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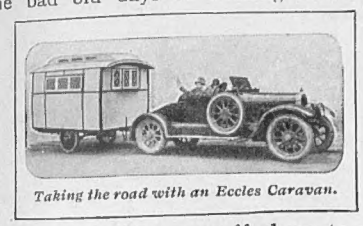

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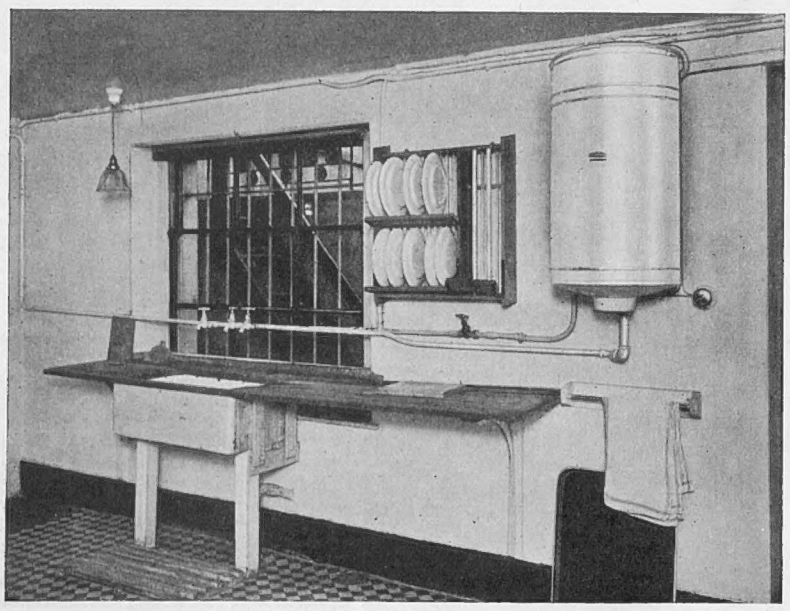

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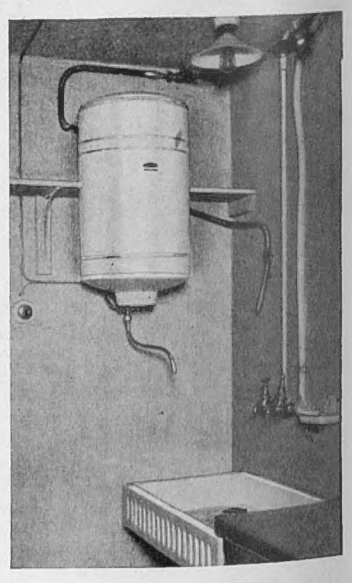

THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

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THE CREMATION of a BUDDHIST MONK

A Remarkable Picture from Burma

A correspondent of "The Sphere" has just sent us this striking picture of one of the strange funerary cars used in the cremation of a Buddhist monk in Burma. Immediately after death the body of a Burmese monk is embalmed, and a sarcophagus is prepared for it painted with scenes from the life of the Buddha. A special building is then erected where the monk lies in state. When the time for burning arrives a lofty canopy, often sixty to seventy feet high, is constructed. The funeral pyre is kindled beneath this construction, which is consumed with the body. After the burning the bones and ashes are collected and buried near a temple. Sometimes, instead of burying the body, the ashes of the monk are pounded into fine powder, mixed into a paste, and then modelled into an image of the Buddha.

A London Newsletter.

WHERE IS EROS? The great majority of the public, if asked offhand where Gilbert's enchanting and delicate fountain design that for so many years graced Piccadilly Circus, the Hub of the Universe, was, would answer at once "On the Embankment somewhere." In point of actual fact, however, it is housed in the repositories of A. B. Burton, bronze statuary founder, of Thames Ditton, the entrance to which is seen above. Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., the creator of the memorial to Lord Shaftesbury, has stated that his wish is for Eros to be returned to its original site. A copy of Eros is now being cast

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.
Wednesday, April 30, 1930.

Compensations.—I have often expressed a very lively sympathy with the hard lot of an heir to the Throne, especially in these days. There are many tedious duties to be smilingly performed, many conventional platitudes to be expressed with fervour and an air of originality, and above all there hangs over a Royal Prince perpetually the horrid sense of being shielded from the truth. But the heir to the Throne of Britain knows a liberty beyond any other Prince in history or living. No one attempts to curb his disposition to rove, no one urges him to pursue the safe high roads (metaphorically speaking, of course), no one thrusts upon him the "counsel of the old men." He goes his own way, a pioneer of all things new in an age of scientific progress and constant and swift scrapping of earlier models; he gives free rein to an inexhaustible zest for new sensations, fresh experiments, and constant change. A product of the Age—a very remarkable and useful Age—he still typifies in middle life the youth of England, restlessly energetic, suspicious of tradition, intolerant of convention, as full of confidence as devoid of illusion. If he were to employ his next holiday in recording some of the marvellous new sensations and experiences he has enjoyed, what a book would be made! And among them all I wonder if he could star a more marvellous experience than that moment when after 3½ months' unfettered roving in the last remaining wild spaces on earth he dropped down from the sky into the enchantment of the perfect April day in Windsor Park, dropped down from the Belgian Congo upon his own lawn in Berkshire.

The London Season.—The Easter holidays are over and the Houses of Parliament have reassembled. Changing always but inexorably the same, the London Season has begun once more. Changed, because no longer is the social Season in London strictly confined, nor strictly defined by the sittings of Parliament or the whims of the menfolk, as it most certainly was up to the Edwardian Age. The debutante often gets the best of her private dances in February or March, and in summer may prefer to leave her mother unchaperoned at the private ball and go off herself to a night club or the river. But the *same* Season none the less, depending as it does on the Courts, on Ascot, on Lord's, starting as ever with Private View Day at the Academy and closing with the Palace Garden Party. The same because punctually the rising generations reach "coming-out age," and once more the old names reappear as dance hostesses. I reckon it is just thirty-three years since a Lady Lansdowne was giving balls for an unmarried daughter. If you opened your *Times* of this day in 1896, and turned to the Court and Social page, you might spell through a couple of columns before you discovered that you were reading stale news. *Plus ça change.*

Ministers' Salaries.—Mr. MacDonald, like his predecessors in office, has shown his interest in the work of the committee on Ministers' salaries. It is quite obvious therefore that to keep up the appearances which tradition has ordained for those who direct our proud constitution is impossible on the present scale of ministerial salaries. Ministers clearly cannot vote themselves an immediate rise. They can but put forward a scale to have effect in the next Parliament. It is even so a ticklish business in our parlous state of finances, and in my opinion the only justification for the committee is the present cowardly policy of confining all direct taxation to about two per cent of the population. A Minister drawing £5,000 does indeed contribute a big proportion to the State. But if direct taxation fell more evenly over every class of wage-earner, what possible justification could be found for the ever soaring notions of what is a seemly and fit reward for good service.

Gold Dust.—As I recently pointed out, a few years before the war the Civil Service possessed less than half-a-dozen "plums" carrying salaries of £2,000. To-day there are forty-five or more Civil Service posts with *basic* salaries of between £2,000 and £3,500. The staffs are not much above pre-war strength. The salary list has nearly trebled. Permanent officials and Ministers nowadays scratch each others' backs. The big bugs at the Treasury to-day are all on the £3,500 basis, and now it's the turn of Ministers. You and I, when we outrun the constable, philosophically sell our car and reluctantly cut down our scale of living and entertaining. So also, when a decently run industrial concern falls on hard times, the directors remit a portion of their fees. But not so in national finance. The less stability we have the more the need of our basic window-dressing. The dust we throw in the foreigner's eye must be gold dust. It is a fine gesture.

A Marked Man.—Lord Byng will not be easy to replace at Scotland Yard. He has not yet resigned his office indeed, but I have no doubt at all that he feels the task he undertook is nearing completion. It is safe to say that only a man of absolutely first-grade quality could have succeeded there in the past two years. The force itself was sore within and without, bruised outside, poisoned inside. Only a rare spirit, a man with a character as gentle as it was strong, could have gracefully and efficiently achieved the ungrateful task set him. And only a man with a sense of duty almost quixotic would have accepted the task in Lord Byng's position. His place in history was secure, his health was not good, he had no call to increase his income, he had the best qualifications for enjoying and improving the shining hours of retirement. He is a patriot who does his work silently; a soldier with a hatred of conventions, forms, and snobbery; he combines humanity with a sense of humour, geniality with dignity, true religion with tolerance. He is therefore a marked man.

The American Horror. — It is neither helpful nor decent to cry shame to the authorities responsible for the administration of the State Penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio. Criticism, if levelled, would be certain to hit the wrong man. The initial disaster itself was either an act of God or an act of man which ordinary precaution could not prevent. The consequences are another story, and it is quite certain that at long last this ghastly sacrifice of lives—worthless lives as many of them were—will spur America to reform drastically her cumbersome, crude, and complex prison system. Justice in America seems to us (who know only a part of the difficulties psychological and administrative) to be served by methods at once brutal and sentimental. We obtain glimpses of soft-hearted clemency and hideous barbarity; we see just punishment indefinitely deferred till the last scintilla of doubt is resolved and we see preventive and disciplinary measures taken with a hasty hand of blood and iron. We see these things but we are aware that we do not know the facts and have no right to judge. The administration of justice in America is America's weakest suit; she admits it herself and may be trusted to lose no time now to remove a blot on her civilization.

Sunday Cricket?—Sunday cricket? Yes and no. How well the Bishop of Gloucester put it. How sure I am that W. G. would have said ditto with his bishop. In the bishop's view there is no harm at all in an afternoon match on the village green, but he rather believes that the rural community in summer really does prefer a day of rest, a day of dawdling in the lanes with the family, a day of watching the stream ripple by, a day of Nature study and dozing. After all the villagers work their muscles hard enough for six days a week. Still if the young men like an afternoon game on Sunday, why not? But county cricket, No. County cricket is a trade, a profession, a business. It is a money-making affair, needing officials, turnstile clerks, waitresses, and all the paraphernalia of the showman. In the name of sanity, don't the players themselves have enough of it? Doesn't their very deliberateness and staleness prove that they have enough of it? Some of them have been playing cricket winter and summer without a break since 1922. I'm all for recreation on Sunday but not for serious business.

THE FLYING PRINCE HOME AGAIN: H.R.H. used the most modern means of transport home from his holiday in Africa. The Prince of Wales is seen above entering his machine at Marseilles. One 'plane used by the Prince crashed on its return journey

Redeunt Saturnia Regna.—I applaud the new theatrical venture at the Kingsway and wish it well. There is to be a series of revivals of Victorian comedies of the type in which in his old age Sir John Hare gave those perfect exhibitions of his rare art. Captain Marshall's *His Excellency the Governor* was too much of a fantasy for my taste, but *Liberty Hall* ("Liberty 'all, me dear"), the second choice, brings back throbbing memories of sentiment and humanity and humour. I group it with *A Pair of Spectacles* and *The Elder Miss Blossom*, and I confidently believe that such old, forgotten favourites as these will remind the rising generation of playgoers and playwrights that their grandfathers, though fossils, were not devoid of stage-sense, and wrote plays which did indeed set up the mirror before human life and its pathos and comedy, and called out no mean ration of genius in the actors who played in them. I believe those old Victorians could write and could act and were not so wrong in putting infinite pains ahead of smartness and facility.

He Sent a Plague.—Our own war correspondent has just returned from the front and found everything strangely reminiscent of Flanders. There are the trenches, the saps, the barricades; the long lines of caterpillars and lorries, the flammen werfer, and all the rest. No estimates of the force opposing Jarvis Bey are too fantastic. The Governor of Sinai is up against a tough proposition. Time and again his troops are driven back on a wide front as much as a mile. The enemy's Intelligence Department is uncannily efficient, the Commissariat Department does its work well. The locusts have solved a problem which baffled the European General Staffs to the very end of the Great War—how to keep swiftly advancing masses supplied with rations. The enemy's broad strategy is as ever to outflank. The Government troops endeavour to pinch out sections of the enemy's front, to lure the enemy into an unoccupied trench line and "go in" with flame-throwers. So grave is the danger that the Egyptian Government has re-introduced conscription, but indeed it was caught napping. I daresay it will have other opportunities to discover the advantages of the presence in its territory of intelligent and scientifically-equipped foreigners. Meanwhile it is facing a problem as old as Egypt.

A Saga.—Once in a way I am impelled to trespass on the preserves of the book reviewer, not from lack of news but from a sense of gratitude. A "real book" nowadays is so very rare. By a real book I mean here a novel which creates or recreates a new or old world of men and women, scenes and actions, motives and manners; a novel written not for propaganda, not with the object of shocking or squeezing out a *succès de scandale*, but for the sheer love of the craft of story-telling. Such a book is *Kristin Lavransdatter*, by Sigrid Undset. You may well quail before the task of reading a life story of a thousand pages dealing with a Norwegian agricultural community of the fourteenth century. You may well jib at the trouble of memorizing dozens of unpronounceable names illogically bestowed and wading through whole chapters devoted to rude feasts, medieval customs and politics, and the gross appetites of semi-barbarous Norsemen. But art triumphs; infinite pains once more assert their claim to genius; humanity is for all time, while mere cleverness dies and is forgotten.

THE OLD STAGER.

The Visit to England of The *GRAF ZEPPELIN*

THE STAR PASSENGER: Lady Drummond-Hay, "The Sphere's" special correspondent, waves her greetings from the *Graf Zeppelin*

ACKNOWLEDGING THE ZEPPELIN'S SALUTATIONS: H.R.H. the Duke of York with Mr. Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer, lift their eyes from the Cup Final at Wembley on Saturday to see the *Graf Zeppelin* majestically soaring over the field. *Above on right* is a view of the great airship passing over the Wembley crowd, while the top left-hand picture shows her at Cardington. The crowds broke through the scanty line of police and streamed from the enclosures over the field. *R 100* was tethered to the mooring-mast, and her rotund bulk formed an effective contrast to the German ship's slenderer lines. The landing was made with faultless precision

TWO ITEMS FROM ABROAD

JAPAN IN ITALY: Signor Mussolini inaugurates the first Exhibition of Japanese Art to be held in Rome. He is seen above saluted by Japanese artists. M. Taikwan Yokoyama, head of the Japanese Artistic Mission, is in the foreground

THE PRINCE AND HIS TROPHY: H.R.H., attended by tw bearers, displays the head of the magnificent koodoo he sh in Tanganyika Territory during the holiday from which he h just returned

THE ANTWERP EXHIBITION ROYALLY OPENED

BELGIUM'S ROYALTY: The King and Queen of the Belgians and the Duke and Duchess of Brabant at the opening ceremony of the International Exhibition held in Antwerp. Britain has a well-placed pavilion

BEAUTY OF LIGHT AND SHADE: The grand entran and the illuminated fountain at the Antwerp Exhi tion, just opened by the King

PROVING THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN: Professor Elliot Smith, the famous anthropologist of London University, to whom the Pekin skull of Early Pleistocene Man will be first shown

MAN'S OLDEST SKULL FROM PEKI

1,000,000 TO 5,000,000 YEARS OLD: The Pekin skull

The scientific world will be startled in a few weeks by new discoveries concerning the origin of man. The skull which was found embedded in stone near Pekin towards the end of last year has thrown light on Early Man such as scientists never dreamed of. It is estimated to be anything from 1,000,000 to 5,000,000 years old, and a cast is on its way to this country. This cast will be seen first by Professor Elliot Smith, the famous anth pologist of the University of London. It will be exhibited before a meeting of the Royal Soci and later casts will be made for sale to the publ It has taken nearly four months of most delica work to remove the stone matrix, almost gra grain, so as not to damage the bone. This covery of the skull was made on December

NEWS FROM AFRICA

KING THE HOLY CITY: 700 Algerians have set forth on the annual pilgrimage to Mecca. A group of them are seen above going down to the quay to embark on the "Asia." The pilgrimage—a visit conferring the title "Hadj," made by every devout Muslim at least once in his life—is being organized by the Governor-General of Algeria

LEADER OF THE REVOLUTION: Goofka. The death of the Empress Judith was the signal for revolt against the Emperor, Ras Tafari, now happily subdued

HE WILLOW WIELDED ONCE AGAIN

STRALIA PLAYS TENNIS: C. W. Walker and S. McCabe with Mr. F. A. Kahane and F. E. Kahane, jun., and Miss Frances Day, the Cabaret star, at the Ifield Golf Club, re they were the guests of Sir John Drughorne

WILLOW AGAIN THE KING: Both Jack Hobbs and his son were members of the team, captained by M. J. C. Allom, which played that led by P. G. H. Fender in the Senior County Trial Match at the Oval. Hobbs Junior is on the far left

REPARATIONS FOR THE ACADEMY

EPARING FOR THE ACADEMY: (*left*) Mr. A. E. Cooper with his picture of Miss Nora Baring; and (*right*) an artist at work on non-members' Varnishing Day

ast year, following other discoveries made by fessor Davidson Black and Father Teilhard Chardin, the Jesuit priest. From one tooth, ch was the first "find," Professor Black was bold ugh to reconstruct a new genus which had come e known as *Sinanthropus Pekinensis*. The skull robably the most important contribution to our wledge of early Pleistocene man yet made. It confirms, too, many of the points which were disputed so hotly in Sir Arthur Smith-Woodward's reconstruction of the Piltdown Skull in 1912. Our evidence is much more definite. The skull shows certain likenesses to the ape-form which have not hitherto been seen in the human. Scientists now have the almost complete brain-case of *Sinanthropus* for study and comparison.

A MUSICAL GIANT: Workmen carry the huge C-sharp pipe into St. Paul's, where the organ is being re-erected for the royal re-opening ceremony in June

THE MORE DISTANT A NEBULA IS FROM THE EARTH THE FASTER IT SEEMS TO BE MOVING FROM US: The Nebula in Orion taken at the Lick Observatory, Mt. Hamilton

A Clue to THE STRUCTURE of the UNIVERSE.

By Dr. EDWIN HUBBLE

A clue to the structure of our amazing universe. This is what the scientists believe has recently come to them in the form of what they call the relation between velocities and distances. In the following article Dr. Edwin Hubble, whose research work is performed at the famous Mount Wilson Observatory, where the largest telescope in the world is to be found, sets out the reasons for this unprecedented belief. It will be read with deepest interest by every man and woman concerned with the wonders of the miracle-world in which we live.—EDITOR

Almost unimaginable speeds in the air are the order of the day. Incredible velocities have been achieved by intrepid aviators in Great Britain and elsewhere. But when you have spoken of a *vitesse* of hundreds of miles per hour, think for a second what it must mean to measure within the line of sight a velocity of 2,400 miles, *not* per hour but per second! And yet that measurement has been made by Dr. Milton Humason of the Mount Wilson Observatory in the case of a faint nebula. That nebula is the most distant object whose speed has ever been measured by man. The velocity itself is more than double the largest that has ever been attributed to any astronomical body. In case you should want to know more about this particular nebula, we have labelled it N.G.C. and its number is 7,619. It is to be found in the direction of the constellation Pegasus. Its distance from us can only be measured in the terms not of miles but of light-years, and the best computation we can make shows it to be 25,000,000 light-years removed from us!

Nevertheless its speed has been measured.

A Curious Relation

As in the case of all other large velocities of nebulæ, the new velocity is one of recession—the nebula is moving away from the earth. It confirms a relation found already between velocities and distances according to which the more distant an object is, the faster it appears to be moving away from the observer.

This curious relation may be a clue to the structure of the Universe. The reason is that the relation refers to bodies distributed through an enormous volume of space, and in order to study the shape of the Universe it is necessary to investigate enormous volumes.

The surface of the earth offers a simple analogy in two dimensions. Daily life in a small area, say one local town, is conducted as though the earth were flat. Even should refined measures suggest a curvature, it is so small that it does not matter. For large areas, however, the case is entirely different.

The earth is clearly not flat, and the curvature intrudes itself on our daily lives — maps are distorted, ships sail in great circles, the altitude of the noonday sun changes. Accurate measures over a large area indicate the nature of the curvature. It is uniform—that is, spherically curved—and the surface turns back on itself to produce a definite finite area with no boundaries.

The structure of the Universe offers similar possibilities. So long as our lives and observations are confined to a small volume, we suppose that space is "flat," i.e. Euclidean. Even if it is curved we could not tell the difference, and hence it doesn't matter. But where large volumes of space are concerned we must be prepared for possible evidence of curvature, especially if accurate measures are available.

Curvature of World of Space and Time

Something of this sort, in fact, has already happened. Einstein's theory of relativity predicted a local curvature of space and indicated the sort of measures which would test the prediction. The tests were made and the curvature was actually found. We know now that space is curved in the neighbourhood of matter. This, however, is a local affair. On the analogy with the earth's surface, such local curvature corresponds to the bulges made by mountains and hills.

The theory of relativity, however, goes further, and predicts a general curvature of the world of space and time, which is more or less uniform. The Universe is closed. Just as the surface of the earth is closed in two dimensions, so space itself is closed and exhibits a definite finite volume with no boundaries.

Investigations at Mount Wilson

Up to this point there is general agreement among the experts, but the next step, the form and structure of the finite Universe, is still an open question. Alternative theories have been offered, the one by Einstein himself, the other by de Sitter of Holland. It is possible for critical observational tests to distinguish between the two theories but the tests demand accurate measures over enormous volumes of space. On de Sitter's theory, a relation is expected between radial velocities and distances, which is not predicted by the structure of Einstein's Universe.

This problem, the structure of the Universe, is under investigation at the Mount Wilson Observatory where the 100-in. reflector, the largest telescope in the world, permits the examination of the largest possible volume of space. The most distant objects that can be observed are the extra-galactic nebulæ—the stellar systems comparable with our own system of the Milky Way—which are scattered through space as far as telescopes can reach.

Four of the nearest, all less than a million light years from the earth, appear larger than the moon and can be seen faintly with the naked eye. With increasing distance they appear smaller and fainter in constantly increasing numbers until, at an average distance of two hundred million light-years, they fade from sight even in the great telescope. The nebulæ thus offer the best opportunities for investigating the effect of distance upon velocities.

Method of Study

Velocities are determined with the spectograph with analyses of the light into a spectrum of successive colours. If the object observed is approaching the light-waves are crowded on to one another, and hence are all shortened. This is analogous to the raised "pitch" of the whistle of an approaching train. The shortening of the light-waves shifts the spectrum bodily towards the violet side, and the amount of the shift measures the velocity of the approaching object. If the object is receding from the observer the effects are reversed—the light-waves are lengthened, the "pitch" is lowered, and the spectrum is shifted toward the red.

The measures are relatively simple once the spectra are obtained. The difficulty lies in photographing the spectra. The nebulæ are so faint that, even with large telescopes, exposures run up to forty hours and often more.

Night after night the observer must exercise the greatest care in continuously guiding the telescope, controlling the temperature of the spectrograph, the focus, and the comparison spectrum, and guarding against mishaps. Even when the plate is successfully developed and the shift of the spectrum has been measured, the sceptical mind of the scientist demands that the whole procedure be repeated in order to obtain an independent check on the first result.

In spite of these difficulties spectra of nearly fifty nebulæ are now available. These are due very largely to the efforts of Slipher at the Lowell Observatory, although the list of selected objects at Mount Wilson is already considerable. For most of these nebulæ distances have been estimated in a fairly reliable manner. When the distances are compared with the radial velocities derived from the spectra a linear relation between the two is clearly evident.

The more distant a nebula is, the faster it appears to be moving *away from the observer*. The relation was definitely established by Hubble out to a distance of about seven million light-years, where the velocity of recession averaged over 600 miles per second. Beyond that distance it is difficult to estimate the distances of individual nebulæ, but several clusters of nebulæ are known, and the distances of a cluster, that is the average distance of many nebulæ in a single cluster, can be rather well determined.

Dr. Humason took advantage of the situation and chose a cluster so distant that the spectrum of the brightest nebula in the cluster could just be registered with the 100-in. reflector. This cluster is believed to be about twenty-five million light-years away, and the velocity of the particular nebula was measured as about 2,400 miles per second away from the earth. The relation between distance and velocity was, within the probable errors, just that predicted by Hubble from the relation among the nearer nebula, which was thus confirmed.

Light on the Structure of the Universe

Here, then, is a distance-velocity relation which probably holds out as far as the observations can reach. It is difficult to believe that the velocities are real—that all matter is actually scattering away from our region of space. It is easier to suppose that the light waves are shortened, and the spectra are shifted to the red by some property of space or by forces acting on the light during its long journey to the earth.

At first sight the relation appears to confirm the de Sitter Universe, but while the effect is in the right direction, the detailed form of the relation appears to deviate from that predicted by the theory. For instance, the theory does not entirely exclude velocities of approach, it merely predicts a preponderance of receding velocities. The observational results, although more data will be collected, are rather well-established and constitute our one clue to the structure of the Universe.

The problem is now in the hands of the theorists. Further revision of de Sitter theory may lead to formulæ more compatible with the observations, or a physical explanation of the red shift may be found and, with the de Sitter effect eliminated, the Einstein Universe may win recognition. The most significant feature of the present situation is the realization that science has reached a stage where theory and observation combined can investigate the actual structure of the Universe.

BREAKING THE SALT TAX LAW

THE RED FLAG OF INDIA: A boy sings "Rastra Gita" (i.e., "Gain the Road") at one of the revolutionary meetings

DEMOISELLE THEROIGNE OF CHOWPATTI: Mrs. Lixmibai Kothari, one of the most revolutionary of the modern Indian ladies. She is seen above speaking in favour of the Gandhi movement and adjuring the people to violate the salt laws

A SCENE OF ILLEGALITY: Gandhi's followers picking up salt on the seashore at Dandi

THE LEADER SPEAKS: Mahatma Gandhi, his cloak drawn over his head, his staff in his hand—the conventional Indian pilgrim pose—addresses his followers at Dandi. By a policy admired by some as farsighted and subtle, and condemned by others as spineless and vacillating, the firebrand has not yet (at the time of writing) suffered for his infringement of both the salt-tax and the sedition laws

200,000 STRONG! Bombay, the centre of the salt-tax breaking movement, has many fanatical nationalists under the influence of Gandhi, who believe that by impoverishing a Government is the best way of making a country prosperous. Nearly a quarter of a million law-breakers are seen above on the sea-front. In oval on right is Mr. V. L. Patel, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, who has tendered his resignation to the Viceroy over, it is believed, a disagreement on the treatment of political prisoners

MATTERS MATRIMONIAL

A CATHOLIC CEREMONY: The scene in Westminster Cathedral when Mr. R. Balfour, son of Brigadier-General Sir A. Balfour, married Miss Deirdre Hart-Davis

THE MUSSOLINI MARRIAGE: Signorina Edda Mussolini with her bridegroom, Count Galeazzo Ciano, before the altar of the Church of S. Giuseppe, Rome, in a wedding characterized by dignity and simplicity as opposed to the pomp and circumstance of other functions

THE FASCIST SALUTE: Countess Ciano salutes the crowd in Roman fashion

"AND FRIEND": The bride's dog was an honoured guest at the wedding of Miss Glynn-Ousely to Mr. D. F. A. Neilson at St. Michael's, Chester Square. *Above on left*—THE BRIDAL RETINUE: At the wedding of Miss Hart-Davis, niece of Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, to Mr. R. E. Balfour at Westminster Cathedral

AT WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL: Lady Millicent Taylour with her parents, the Marquis and Marchioness of Headfort, on the occasion of her wedding to Mr. Henry F. Tiarks

THE DEVIL'S ISLAND OF ITALY: Lipari on Meliqunis, the largest of the Lipari group—a bird's-eye view from the slope of Monte Sant' Angelo —where political prisoners are sent by Mussolini

LIPARI — Italy's Island for Political Exiles

Mr. Schoonmaker, who is an American, ana the author of "Come with Me through Italy," here describes the sea-girt prison to which political offenders are sent under the Fascist jurisdiction. Tourists are allowed to land on the island

By FRANK SCHOONMAKER

The sensational escape of Francesco Nitti, nephew of the former Premier of Italy, from the Italian prison island of Lipari has recently focussed the attention of the world on this "Devil's Island of the Mediterranean."

From a distance there is nothing even faintly sinister about Lipari's appearance. It seems merely the largest of a small archipelago of volcanic islands lying in the centre of that blue strip of sea which, north-west of Messina, separates the Italian and Sicilian coasts.

Six Hundred Fascist Guards

Of the 500 odd political exiles quartered in the low white houses of the island's principal town exactly three, in three-and-a-half years, have managed to escape. And even for these three — Francesco Nitti, Carlo Rosselli, and Emilio Lussu, who risked their lives to regain their liberty—escape would have been utterly impossible without extensive co-operation from abroad. Lipari lies over thirty miles from the Italian mainland, nearly 500 miles from the nearest bit of non-Italian soil. The sea, therefore, shuts it off more effectively from the outside world than would any walls. Nevertheless, the 500 political prisoners on the island are regularly attended by some 600 Fascist guards. A great searchlight, perched high on the neighbouring island of Vulcano sweeps the sea by night. A network of police boats thrown around the wide unprotected bay of Lipari effectively discourages all but the most intrepid of would-be rescuers.

In view of these precautions and the additional precaution of a rigid censorship, it is not surprising that the prisoners are allowed, within the confines of the little town, a certain amount of freedom. For the most part they live in apartments and villas well outside the walls of the prison proper. In many cases they have secured from the authorities permission to have their wives and children come to the island and live with them. They buy their own food and eat it when and where they choose. They are required to be present at a certain number of inspections each day; aside from that they have no duties; there is no forced labour.

Climate like the Riviera

Thus aside from poverty, exile, and the monotony of island life their lot is not a particularly difficult one. Lipari, as a penal colony, is a far pleasanter place than the Devil's Island of French Guiana. For one thing the exiles of Lipari are all political prisoners committed, almost without exception, for terms of five years or less; there are no "lifers" and no common criminals among them. In the second place, although the zone in which the prisoners are allowed to move about is a comparatively limited one, the town of Lipari, like the countryside around, is very beautiful. The climate, aside from occasional windy days, might be the envy of the Riviera. Conditions on the other Italian prison islands—barren little Ustica and Ponza —without question, are immeasurably worse. In fairness to the exiles of Lipari, however, it must be admitted that, for intelligent men who have committed no crime other than holding an unfashionable political opinion, life on the island offers little in the way of variety or diversion. Lipari—the town, the neighbouring villages, the country—is almost unbelievably primitive. There are no automobiles, no carts, no roads; there is only one bath tub, a prodigious affair of painted tin belonging to a former naturalized American who, on his return to Lipari—his birthplace —was elected president of the local Fascisti. That life on Lipari is not of the happiest may be judged from the fact that a good many prisoners, knowing well the difficulties of escape and the inevitable consequences of failure nevertheless have made desperate efforts to get away.

The first of such attempts, almost certainly foredoomed to disaster it would seem, took place in July, 1928, a little less than two years after the establishment of the penal colony. Four young men, temporarily lodged in the ancient fortress prison of the town, broke from their cells at night, scaled the massive walls of the courtyard and let themselves down on the outside with twisted ropes of bedding. In some manner or other they had managed to secure such clothes as were necessary for fairly effective disguises. At any rate they were able to slip past the sentries and reach the edge of the little town in safety. Once free, they had hoped to find some fisherman's boat in one of the small coves of the island, and in it to reach if possible the Sicilian coast.

But their escape was discovered almost at once. The alarm was given. Police-boats scoured the shore with searchlights. The fugitives were forced to turn back into the wild, gorse-covered interior of the island. For five days they lay in hiding. A simple, kindly peasant from one of the upland villages discovered their plight, gave them food and water. Eventually his wife, terrified at the possible consequences of his act, reported the whole affair to the police. The prisoners were recaptured; the peasant was sentenced to five years' hard labour.

A Foiled Escape

An even more daring attempt was made single-handed a few weeks later by a Venetian named Spangero. Chancing upon a canoe one evening on an unfrequented corner of the beach he decided on the spur of the moment to set out in his frail little craft for the Italian mainland. As luck would have it a high sea was running. The canoe swamped; Spangero had to swim for his life. By the time he reached land the evening inspection was over and his absence had been discovered. He, too, turned inland to the hills, and for three or four days led an incredibly precarious existence, creeping at night down to the homes of his friends for food, hunted by day, gradually growing more and more desperate. Finally, making his way toward the northern half of the island he reached the pumice stone quarries that lie behind the village of Canneto.

Then, for the first time, fate seemed for the moment in his favour. A freighter flying the German flag lay a few hundred yards off shore taking on cargo. Under cover of darkness Spangero stole down to the sea, swam to the freighter and climbed the anchor chain. Bleeding and exhausted he arrived on deck and tried to explain to the captain with signs, since he knew no German, his extraordinary predicament. At first the captain seemed inclined to help, but then, fearing political complications, changed his mind. Spangero was turned over to the *carabinieri*, charged with having attempted to "emigrate secretly" and sentenced to three years' additional imprisonment and a fine of 10,000 liras.

Italian Socialist Prisoners

The history of Lipari as a prison island dates far back before the Fascist regime. In 1893, during the Premiership of Crispi, 6,000 political dissenters were shipped off to this little Mediterranean island. A year later a general amnesty allowed them to return to their homes. Again in 1898 a new consignment arrived from Tuscany; again, after a change of government, Lipari was permitted to slip back into its natural tranquillity. The present penal colony has existed only since November, 1926. It was established as a measure to ensure public safety after the attempted assassination of Mussolini in Bologna. Since then the Island of Lipari has entertained a good many distinguished Italian Liberals and Socialists. Among these, in addition to Francesco Nitti there have been at least eight or ten ex-members of the Chamber of Deputies, several former Cabinet Ministers, one or two former generals, and occasionally such an outstanding and influential private citizen as Domizio Torrigiani, Grand Master of the Italian Freemasons.

It was my good fortune to know Lipari, not as the island prison of political exiles, but in a more peaceful mood, six months before the first of the prisoners arrived. At that time it was one of the loveliest and most tranquil of islands, very reminiscent of the Nepenthe of *South Wind*. In fact, Mr. Norman Douglas said that many of the details of his mythical island and much of its colour and background were drawn from Lipari. The easy-going Lipari of five years ago was rarely visited by travellers. Its isolation and the extreme simplicity of its life made it, even before its conversion into a penal colony, forbidden ground to the tourist. A few German painters had discovered its magnificent, albeit, rather barren, beauty. But that was all.

DRAMA of the DAY

"The Sphere's" Special Camera at Work at Wyndham's and the Globe

Taken by "The Sphere's" Special Process

THE GANGSTER AND HIS CHINESE DOWNFALL: Mr. Charles Laughton and Miss Gillian Lind in Mr. Edgar Wallace's play of Chicago, "On the Spot," at Wyndham's. Betrayed by Mr. Laughton, Miss Lind commits suicide, but her death brings him to justice for unproven crimes

ONE WHO HAS LEAPED INTO FAME: Miss Celia Johnson with Mr. Frank Vosper, the part author in "Debonair" at the Lyric. In this play Miss G. B. Stern has not quite achieved the success of the book, but Miss Johnson has found in it a vehicle to drive to triumph

Taken by "The Sphere's" Special Process

BEHIND THE NAVAL LINES: Act I of "B.J. One" showing a room at the Admiralty with the big submarine chart on right. This scene gives a realistic impression of the activity in Whitehall during the Jutland period

Taken by "The Sphere's" Special Process

UNITY IS STRENGTH: A moment during Act III of "B.J. One" at the Globe. The first Act is largely concerned with activities behind the scenes in the Navy; Act II is devoted to a fine piece of realism showing the bridge of a light cruiser during the Battle of Jutland. Act III concerns itself with a discussion in which the co-operation characteristic of the Navy is exalted as the saviour of industry. Above—Mr. Douglas Burbidge, Mr. Henry Hewitt, and Mr. Andrew Leigh

THE SILENT SERVICE IN ACTION: The bridge of a light cruiser during Jutland in "B.J. One" at the Globe. Above are Messrs. Clifford Bartlett, Michael Shepley, Henry Hewitt, Robert Gates, and, below, Messrs. Percival Clark and James Carter

ASPECTS OF WAR

"SOME ESCAPED VIA BELGIUM . . .": The technique of desertion was brought to a fine art. Some got over the Dutch border when the electric current was turned off; some dropped out of the marching lines. A motor-cycle was the safest route to freedom

MAINLY about DESERTION

By FERDINAND TUOHY

Upon reading of the desertion debate in Parliament my thoughts went thirteen years in reverse, and I was again in a wireless hut in the Second Army area at Ypres, time, June, 1917, and beside me bent a youthful member of the German Funka Abteilung, or Trench Wireless Section, who had very kindly "come over" and was now as keen and busy as a young bee showing us the ropes, helping us out with our decoding of what his late masters were transmitting.

I doubt if there were many more useful deserters than he on any front during 1914–18 (no fear now that he shall be traced and tried, I trust!). The reason this young gentleman of eighteen years came over was Grecian in its simplicity. He had that Appenrodt feeling. The rations were getting so skinny on his side of the line that he could no longer withstand the tales which his raiding comrades would bring back of the British front line being simply stacked high with bully beef. Our young guest was quite frank about things. That was why he had given the Fatherland the go-by. "Um was besser zum essen!" Well, bless us—although few will be found to bless the Intelligence Corps—we were apparently just a lot of deeply embusquéd green posers—bless us, anyway, we kept that young gentleman fed to the teeth—I imply to his entire satisfaction—for the best part of three weeks prior to passing on his plump young person to the A.P.M. He had a special nice little cage all to himself, and there one could "glimpse" him a-sitting in the sun after his work was done, dozing from bully. He served the B.E.F. right well, did Funka Fritz.

I should imagine an equally valuable deserter to our lines was the Topographical Officer of the German 18th Corps, at Gaza, also in '17. I don't think I should have indicated him so clearly but that he was a Turk, and young at that. This gentleman gave as his reason that he couldn't stand the overbearing attitude of his German seniors on the Corps headquarter staff. Well, the E.E.F. became duly beholden unto that Staff for its oppressiveness, "Topo" being at once attached to our Maps branch, where he proved invaluable—"Maps" were very important out East—by reason of his precise knowledge of none too intimately-known territory lying ahead. There was even a movement afoot to put "Topo" up for the O.B.E.

While at E.E.F.G.H.Q., before Gaza, I sat and sipped tea face to face with a tip-top deserter. I have told of him before, but he will bear resuscitation in view of the new treatment that is to be meted out to deserters in any next war. One morning at breakfast-time I found the mess-tent unoccupied save for a swarthy little fellow in khaki, with upturned moustache and brightly recalling the late lamented Enver. He rose as I entered, and bowed. I noticed he wore a major's crown, and not being used to receiving compliments at breakfast from senior officers, I was interested. Then he spoke about the weather in broken English, and I decided he must be an appendage of Lawrence—then just arrived in to tell the generals they didn't know a single thing about the Arab. But my embarrassingly polite major was no such thing. He was even a more remarkable freak, and unblushingly did he out with his tale as I tossed the bacon. Two days beforehand he had been a major in the Turkish army, in command of a battalion holding part of the ruins of Gaza. An Armenian, full of hatred of the Turk, he had decided to desert with one of his subalterns. And he now announced it to be his intention to propagand the whole of his late unit over in turn. Dropping leaflets, and megaphoning, and that kind of thing. "Meanwhile," he proceeded artlessly, "I join your Intelligence Staff as major. Very happy be British major. Go now question Turkish prisoner from my brigade which you capture last night. Good morning, sir." And he bowed low. And I rose and paid him the compliment a junior owed a field officer.

To come now down to more serious meat—for us—one of my first jobs in Flanders in the autumn of '15 had most distressingly to do with four of our men who were most strongly suspect of having gone over to the Boche while on patrol. I recollect their unit, but, of course, silence complete and absolute. Doubtless they were in due course shipped back from a prisoners' camp after the War, and are now immune in civil life. Yet such was not at one time intended to have been their lot by any means. They were listed for post-war shooting, because theirs had been a particularly vicious performance, since we eventually got to know, from captured documents and Boche prisoners' statements, not only that they had definitely meant to desert but that upon succeeding they gratuitously gave away information in the hope, no doubt, of getting cushier treatment. For some time it became part of the repertory of I.O.'s to gauge as much information about the four from captured Germans in that area as was feasible.

I confess to not quite comprehending Mr. Shaw's attitude towards this rather delicate question. In regard to cowardice in the face of the enemy, for which the death penalty has also been removed, none will deny that there exists at least a powerful case "pro" in view of the turn modern warfare has taken. Officers and men alike become simply paralyzed of will, of everything, by the appallingness of the bombardment. Call them to a sense of their duty, and as likely as not they just gape or blither. That often happened, as we know. But there is a premeditation about desertion which surely removes the offence from the same category as that of a "cowardice" which results so very often from annihilating battle shock!

Again, has not too much been made of the qualifications about "endangering the lives of comrades" by desertion? My experience of desertion on the Western Front—and I saw all the lists for two years—was that seldom, if ever, did the matter arise of comrades' lives being endangered by an individual desertion. The majority of our deserters slunk away as their unit was proceeding in file in the darkness up to the line. A lesser number "hopped it" from rest billets; about the same figure while on leave. A lesser number still took the maximum risk of breaking away while on patrol, lying low in some crater or thicket, and then offering themselves at the Boche wire. In none of these cases was there any question of endangering anybody or anything, unless one admits a case in regard to the weakening of a patrol out in No Man's Land.

Whether desertion should be reduced in seriousness in the crime list is a matter upon which professional soldiers probably hold rather definite views. There is not the slightest doubt but that "Haig's List" of two or three names of deserters shot, while as tragic a document as one could ever wish to finger, *did* keep down desertion. And Sir Douglas, by the way, was stricter than Sir John had been before him. One man was brought all the way back from Glasgow to be shot by his own unit.

General Horwood, A.P.M. at G.H.Q., and afterwards Commissioner of Police, once handed on to the writer a severe call-down for leaving a motor-cycle untended outside a billet. This contraption, it was pointed out, constituted the greatest temptation to men with desertion in their minds. They just hopped on and away to a base port unchallenged, and not only that, but when they got there they could dispose of the bicycle and thus tide over the first critical days when the chase would be sternest. As against this relative ease the grim phrasing:

> Was apprehended while seeking to board a train for a base port

was the predominant entry on the grim periodical list, and which was usually only necessary during battle operations. There were always many

(*Continued on p. 254*)

"SOME COULD NOT STAND THE BOMBARDMENT": Cowardice might well be attributable to shell-shock of one sort or another—usually owing to being rendered witless and incapable of any exercise of will power by the incredible and intolerable noise of the battle front—but even if the Death Penalty be lifted for this offence it should be retained for cold-blooded desertion

FIGHTING GUARDIANS OF A PEACEFUL SHRINE: Changing the guard at Sun Yat-sen's tomb on Purple Mountain. The Old Guard is just beginning the descent of the 365 steps that form the approach to what is now the holiest shrine in Cathay; while the officer of the New Guard, having posted his men, contemplates his charge with Oriental calm

THE CENTRAL DOME: The summit of Sun Yat-sen's imposing tomb seen from Purple Mountain

THE SHRINE WORSHIPPED OF ALL CATHAY: This view of the imposing tomb of Sun pictures. The view is taken from a stone-paved pathway which leads down the slope of Purple Mountain, a rock-strewn wide steps, which in their turn lead to a wide platform from which the pilgrim's eye can rove over the great plain which seen to the right. In front of the pilgrim is a temple-like building constructed in the main on conventional Chinese lines, but the circular view given on the left. The whole of this semi-subterranean part of the shrine lies within a semicircular ramped structure In defiance of his own teaching, Sun has been foisted, largely by Russian propaganda, upon China in

A PLACE of APOTHEOSIS,

The Tomb of Sun Yat-sen.

Striking Pictures of the Great Mausoleum on Purple Mountain

t-sen on Purple Mountain, just outside Nanking, is the first to be published in this country. It gives an idea of its magnitude, which has not been evident in any previously published nence which lies outside the old vice-regal city, the wall of which can be seen in the right distance. A broad tree-lined way, seen on the left, stretches up to a double flight of immensely ypical of the terrain of the lower Yangtse Valley. Another broad flight of steps takes one to the main shrine platform, which is built up on big masonry ramps, one of which can be pported at the corners with pillars of decidedly modern tendency. This entrance communicates with the domed naos or inner sanctuary, the bee-hive roof of which is shown in detail in ending backwards into the base of Purple Mountain. The structure has been very impressively conceived. Sun is now regarded in his native land either as a god or a perfect man, ce of the old war-god idols, with much the same technique as Lenin has been imposed upon the Russian masses in place of the ikons they had adored for centuries

A WEEK'S SURVEY
OF THIS VARIED WORLD

MASS PRODUCTION! Seventy couples were married in the famous sixth century Cathedral of San Giusto in Trieste recently. After the ceremony they left for a free honeymoon in Rome, where they were received by the Pope and the Dictator—the originators of the scheme

A WHOLESALE TRANSACTION: The marriage at Trieste of seventy couples was something of a State affair. The Governor, Signor Forro, and the head officers of the local Fascisti were present. The Governor (with white hair) is seen above with some of the "happy couples"

BIGGER AND BETTER FAMILIES! The simultaneous marriage of seventy couples at the Cathedral of San Giusto at Trieste, the centre of a post-war Italian province, shows what fruit Signor Mussolini's demand for the preservation of the family as a unit, and the creation of large families has borne.

TAKING POSSESSION OF ST. PETER'S: The new Secretary of State to the Vatican, Cardinal Pucelli, is seen above entering the great basilica (which is yet outranked as a church by St. John Lateran) to take possession of it. It is now, of course, not Rome but the Vatican City

MODERNITY IN JAPAN: The striking entrance to the special exhibition of sea and air held in Veno Park, Tokio, to commemorate the Russo-Japanese War. The design of the archway and its decoration are very effective

FROM THE HAREM TO SUFFRAGE: The new law in Constantinople gives women the right to vote, and a huge meeting was addressed by Latiefe Bekirhanem President of the Women's Union, before the Municipal Elections, where the right was first exercised. The majority of the audience were men!

SIDELIGHTS ON The WORLD'S AFFAIRS

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY'S Notes are of Especial Interest Concerning Prince Valerio Pignatelli

HUNGARY AND BIRTH-CONTROL.—Mrs. Guilleaume, English wife of Hungarian Field-Marshal Arpad Guilleaume, and Vice-President of the "Pro-Hungaria" World League of Women, called on me the other day. She was articulately enthusiastic about Hungary's economic and political future, which supporters of the League profess to believe lies largely with the rather positive and decidedly fearless Magyar women.

The "Renaissance of Hungary" is the women's battle-cry, but they go about it in just the opposite way from Mussolini, who resuscitated Italy. Mussolini is ever demanding more population. Hungary is the only country I know that nationally practices birth-control, preferring to limit families to one or two children.

Not only in the cities of the bourgeoisie and industrial worker, but in the rural districts of the crude, ignorant peasants, birth-control is generally practised. Hungary is still a land of great estates, where feudal conditions continue to obtain. The small landowner finds it almost impossible to extend his holdings, and as Hungarian law provides that the farmer must either split up his land amongst his heirs or indemnify them with the equivalent in cash, three or four heirs threaten the prosperity of the family. The difficulty of finding cash to pay off heirs and keep the little estate intact for one, or at most two, involves the necessity of raising mortgages, with not infrequent tragic financial consequences.

Thus the population of rural Hungary, seeing solidarity and prosperity in the results of systematic birth-control, has since long years anticipated the movement which to-day is causing such a riot of controversy in the most advanced and progressive countries of the modern world.

AN AERIAL MILESTONE.—International freemasonry of the air was again demonstrated a few days ago by the first holiday air-tour to the Continent by members of a British light aeroplane club, and the announced visit to London and Cardington of the German airship, *Graf Zeppelin*, which last year made history by its epochal flight round the world.

Twenty-one 'planes, mostly Moths, with twenty-eight British flyers including eight women, paid an Easter-holiday visit to a corner of France, Belgium, Germany, and Austria, then returned to London—all in a few days.

Mr. Nigel Norman and Mr. Alan Muntz, owners of the Heston Park Air Club, who organized and accompanied this unique pleasure tour, have pioneered the way for "week-ends that are different." The flight aroused extraordinary interest on the Continent. The British flyers were enthusiastically welcomed everywhere, and shown every courtesy, nowhere more than in Germany. Easter Sunday the "pleasure squadron of the air" reached Friedrichshafen, "Zeppelin City" and home of the giant *Do. X* sea-plane. They found glorious sunshine and the Union Jack flying above the Kurgarten Hotel, a delicate compliment which they told me they sincerely appreciated. Dinner in the dining-room of the *Graf Zeppelin* in its hangar followed an inspection of the airship. It was given jointly by the Zeppelin Airship Works and the Dornier Seaplane Works, presided over by Captain Ernst A. Lehmann, Commander of the Zeppelin in the absence of Dr. Hugo Eckener, and Herr Maurice Dornier, brother of the designer of the fantastic *Do. X*, which was visited on Easter Monday.

Besides sixteen Moths I saw a dainty Bluebird, a Widgeon, a rakish German Klem monoplane, and a small Desouttar limousine. The flyers included Gordon Selfridge, jun., R. Atcherly, Schneider Cup pilot, Harold Peake, Leslie Runciman, Dougal MacPherson, amateur squash racket champion. Amongst the ladies were Miss Norman, Mrs. Muntz, Miss MacPherson, and Mrs. Cleaver.

This unique gathering was certainly an important milestone in the history of civil aviation, and the keen, eager interest of both sides in individual experience, aims, and aeronautical aspirations cemented not a few British-German friendships on the spot.

A HUMAN LETTER.—William B. Leeds, the young American millionaire who recently was divorced by his wife, Princess Xenia, is scheduled to be the first "human letter" to cross the Atlantic by air, if the trans-ocean flight of the giant German twelve-engined flying-ship Dornier *Do. X* comes off as planned in July or August.

Young Leeds, himself a pilot and owner of two 'planes, was one of the passengers on the *Graf Zeppelin* in the Round-the-World flight last summer. For that privilege and distinction he paid 9,000 dollars (£1,800). I understand that he has now applied for passage on the gigantic *Do. X* flight from Cadiz to Lisbon to New York. As it is not planned to take any passengers on the proposed flight except three journalists, but chiefly mail, Mr. Leeds was informed that his application could only be considered if he would pay the special "letter postage" on himself. The letter postage on this flight will be one dollar, about four shillings, per letter of 20 grammes. The "postage" on Mr. Leeds will be something more than 5,000 dollars (£1,000). He is thinking it over.

WEEK-ENDING BY AIR: Mr. Nigel Norman, one of the two owners of Heston Park Air Club, and Mr. Gordon Selfridge, Junior, at Friedrichshafen

A PRINCELY ADVENTURER.—News from Mexico City that the secret resting-place of Hernando Cortes, Spanish Conquistador, who destroyed the powerful and wonderful Aztec Empire of Montezuma soon after Columbus discovered America, has now been revealed, recalls to my mind that a direct descendant of Cortes is making his livelihood to-day as a journalist.

He is Prince Valerio Pignatelli, staff correspondent in Rome for a group of American newspapers. His first wife, Princess Maria Pignatelli d'Aragona, killed in a motoring accident, is buried in the central altar of the Church of Jesus Nazareno in Mexico City, now known to be the present tomb of Cortes himself.

Would-be "monk," soldier, diplomat, revolutionary, journalist, Prince Pignatelli has experienced all the variety and excitement that most boys crave and dream about. He entered a monastery in Italy, determined to become a monk. After fifteen days of that life, friends found him and carried him away. He turned soldier and commanded a camel patrol in Tripoli until the World War broke out. Fighting against the Austrians, he was wounded several times, and received three decorations for bravery. After the war, the Prince took charge of an Italian Red Cross mission in Russia for three years. In Tiflis, he evinced too much interest in circles plotting against the Red regime, and received warning just in time to make his escape to Batoum. The captain of a steamer hid the fugitive and his documents in an oil-tank on the ship. While Russian police were on board searching, the crew began to fill the tank with oil from the pumping station ashore. Pignatelli was horrified as he saw and felt the sticky oil rising higher and higher around him. The captain, no less horror-stricken, dared not order the pumping to be stopped so long as the police remained aboard, lest he thereby revealed the hiding-place. Police gone, the captain ordered the pumping stopped—said he had enough oil—but only just in time to save the Prince from being drowned in oil.

Prince Pignatelli entered diplomacy only to leave it again to go to Mexico. There he tried to recover some of the vast estates left by Cortes, which at one time extended for five hundred miles. The Mexican government did not look kindly upon this ambition of the princely descendant of Cortes. An expert duellist, the Prince fought several duels in Mexico.

After the accident in which his wife was killed, Pignatelli joined the Indians, and attempted to organize a revolution against the government that would not recognize his claims to vast wealth in the country. Defeated in the end, deserted by many of his followers, pursued by government troops, the Prince, after many adventures and hardships, escaped to Los Angeles, California. While sleeping exhaustedly the first night in Los Angeles, his only shirt and suit of clothes in which he arrived were stolen from his bedside. Without a penny, he remained in bed three days until a comrade found a job, and from his first pay-envelope bought Pignatelli some garments. In California he became a journalist, and was sent to Rome, where one uncle is a Cardinal in the Vatican, and another a Senator of Rome.

Cortes died in Spain. Bitter against the Spanish government of that day, he ordered in his will that he should be buried in Mexico, the land he conquered. During a revolution in 1823, when revolutionaries threatened to break into the Conquistador's tomb and scatter the hated dust to the four winds, Cortes's remains were removed to a place kept secret by the Pignatelli family until now, when Prince Antonio Pignatelli, cousin of Prince Valerio, made it known to the Mexican government. All that is left to the descendants of Cortes, and recognized by the Mexican government as legacy, is the Hospital of Jesus in Mexico City, built by Cortes on the spot where he first met Montezuma, the Aztec king. It was the first hospital built in the New World.

G. M. H. D.-H.

A Lineal Link . . with NAPOLEON

THE SHRINE OF THE WAR GOD TO BE DEMOLISHED: No 5, Quai Conti, Paris, where Napoleon lived in the attics for several years—from 1785 onwards—when he was a poor lieutenant. The structure is doomed to demolition

WHERE BEATS BONAPARTE BLOOD: The house in a Paris suburb where descendants of Napoleon live to-day. Here dwelt the great-grandchild and the great-great-granachild of the First Consul

THE LOVE OF NAPOLEON: Louise-Eleonore Denuelle de la Plaigne, governess to Caroline, Napoleon's sister, and mother of his natural son

THE LITTLE CORPORAL: Napoleon I reproduced from the painting by Gosse in the Museum of Versailles

THE ERA OF ROMANTICISM: An interior displaying the décor typical of the period 1820–1848, when all art was dominated by the new Romantic movement. It is to be seen in the Pavillon de Marsan, Paris

ONE-QUARTER BONAPARTE: Charlotte, the daughter of Napoleon's natural son, Count Léon, and Françoise Jonet. This lady is married to M. Mesnard, and styles herself Mme Mesnard-Léon

ONE-EIGHTH BONAPARTE: Léone, daughter of Mme Mesnard-Léon, and great-granddaughter of Napoleon. Her husband, M. R., prefers to preserve anonymity

ONE-SIXTEENTH BONAPARTE: Colette, daughter of Mme Léone R., who was born in October, 1922, and is the great-great-grand-daughter of the First Consul and the Emperor of the French

BONAPARTES OF FIVE GENERATIONS

It has been for long believed that the direct Bonaparte line from Napoleon ended with L'Aiglon, King of Rome, Duke of Reichstadt, although adopted children have been long recognized. It will come therefore as something of a shock to the great majority to learn that researches into the archives of M. Camille Beauchamp of Paris have brought to light an illegitimate Bonaparte line. The governess of Caroline Murat, the beautiful Mlle de la Plaigne, later Mme Revel, won the heart of Napoleon, giving him hers in exchange. To him she bore Count Léon in 1806. This natural son had an affair with Françoise Jonet, who gave birth to Charlotte Léon, who is still alive. Married to a M. Mesnard, she calls herself Mme Mesnard-Léon. Her daughter, Léone, married in 1921 a certain M. R., who shrouds his identity in this connection in anonymity. The daughter of the R. household is Colette, born in 1922, a direct link with the War God of Europe

ONE-HALF BONAPARTE: Count Léon, natural son of Napoleon and Louise-Eleonore Denuelle de la Plaigne, a noted beauty of her day, born 1787, sometime governess to Napoleon's sister, Caroline Murat, and wife of Captain Revel of the XV Dragoons, an officer imprisoned for two years for forgery, from whom she subsequently obtained a divorce. Count Léon was born December, 1806

WHAT of the SALON of 1930?

A Quartette of Canvases from the "Academy" of Paris

"SOUVENIR," by EUGENE HUC

A magnificent portrait whose silence is eloquent of memories grave and gay. The treatment of the gown is admirable, while the painting of the face has a beauty seldom seen

"LA REUNION," by M. BARRIERE-PREVOST

The Arab women are allowed only one form of social relaxation by their husbands. This takes the form of a weekly assembly in a cemetery where, accompanied by attendants, they gather on the tombs of their relatives and chat

The enormous and apparently interminable galleries of the Paris Salon are now once more hung with some of the output of the 40,000 artists who throng Paris studios. The first rapid survey of this year's output (the selection, we understand, is much less rigorous than in the case of our own Academy) gives one the impression of extraordinary monotony. There seems to be almost a complete absence of any signs of real virility in the work which these giant galleries have gathered together. There are the same Breton fishwives, interiors of cathedrals, modern French girls, studies of the nude, and an occasional satirical work, but all absolutely on the old familiar lines. The four pictures selected above stand out in pleasant relief amid the general gloom

"SALON DE LA GUERRE A VERSAILLES," by PIERRE-BARTHELEMY MOLLE

A very spirited interior recorded with great detail

"A L'ATELIER," by J. I. BILLAUDET

A very sympathetic treatment of an artist at work. The atmosphere of the studio is happily suggested despite the limited area of the apartment shown by the painter. Studio pictures have ever an appeal to the public, largely owing to the gilding of the lily of the Latin Quarter by du Maurier and Murget in "Trilby" and "Boheme"—and the crowds that have followed in their footsteps

A NOVEL from SPAIN *and other books of the Week*

By JAMES LAVER

Scarcely more than a month ago died a man whose genius was like a smoky fire, fitful and gusty. It was an ill-mannered fire, quite out of place in a drawing-room grate or a kitchen range. It scorched and stifled by turns, and the spokesmen of our moral Smoke Abatement Societies condemned it as noxious and dangerous. But the flame was there, the genuine flame and the lurid tongues which it shot forth from time to time were bright enough to illuminate some of the darkest places of the human heart. For to D. H. Lawrence the human heart was a very dark place indeed.

He was the son of a collier, and regretted that his own generation had, as he thought, been emasculated by a board school education, that is to say had been brought up on a system of values which did not belong to it, something passed on from above, not an expression of its own nature. He himself was an uprooted man; he belonged to no class. Yet his deeply passionate nature craved for roots, for he realized that men can only communicate with one another, as it were, under the ground. Most of us, in our urban civilization, are potted plants. Lawrence burst his pot, and then found that there was no soil underneath but the hard, unyielding pavement of the city. He grew, he grew prodigiously, but warped and gnarled and twisted. He revolted violently against the circumstances that had made him so.

This revolt against civilization is a recurrent phenomenon. Rousseau rebelled against a system of government, Byron against a code of behaviour. Lawrence goes further than either. It seems at times as if his rebellion were a revolt against humanity itself. "Back to the land" becomes the cry of "Back to the jungle." He was always trying to see the world with the innocent eyes of animals—how well he succeeded sometimes his magnificent animal poems bear witness—to feel rather than perceive. He roamed all over the world in a vain endeavour to find a life unpoisoned by the conscious intelligence, and in his own heart dived deeper and deeper in order to discover an untainted impulse.

The sad thing is that he failed. In spite of his genius for words, his extraordinary powers of lyrical expression, he never escaped from the self-consciousness that encased him like a straight-waistcoat. His insight into the harmony of savage life turned into a hatred of every other kind of sensibility, his worship of the generative principle in all nature narrowed into a sex-obsession. In his latest work both with pen and paint-brush, he was hardly sane; yet even here, where the fire was at its smokiest, the flame at its heart shot out gleams of astonishing vividness. His work is a fragment, but an enduring fragment. His tragedy was that he was an uprooted man. *Assorted Articles* by D. H. Lawrence. (Secker. 6s. net.)

It is not altogether inapposite to consider here a recent novel translated from the Spanish—*Roots* by Eduardo Zamacois, translated by Eliseo Vivas. (Brentano. 7s. 6d. net.) It is a story of the peasants of Castile, each a feudal lord in his own eyes, proud, pious, cruel, avaricious, yet never vulgar, and with his roots deep in the arid soil of the Castilian plain. The atmosphere of the harsh landscape is exceptionally well conveyed, and against this background at once bleak and scorched stands out a whole procession of unforgettable figures — Don Diosdado, the lame apothecary, "Mil Reales," the bandit, Don Blas, the physician, Doña Gerarda, the old woman who watches from her balcony, and (most vivid of all) the two brothers Manuel and Leandro Santoyo, the protagonists in the fierce drama of fratricidal strife. Manuel is a character of almost unbelievable ferocity, unbelievable, that is, in any other surroundings, but stronger than his brother because, unlike him, he has not been tainted by any contact with the outside world. Leandro falls before him precisely because of his fatal knowledge that the family mill and the ancestral lands do not comprise the entire universe. The book has the tragic force and the elemental passion of *Wuthering Heights*, is indeed very similar to that masterpiece in many ways. The Santoyo family is a veritable household in Hell.

A NOVELIST OF DISTINCTION: *Mr. John North whose new novel "St. Peter and the Profile" (Jarrold, 7s. 6d. net) is a very remarkable piece of work blending humour and pathos with great skill*

What a contrast between the books we have just been discussing and two books that remain to be considered; between the apocalyptic fervour of D. H. Lawrence and the tolerant urbanity of Mr. Augustine Birrell; between the tragic, fanatical world of Zamacois and the Epicurean pagan world of Mr. Norman Douglas. *Et Cetera*, by Augustine Birrell (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d. net.), is yet another collection of *obiter dicta* in the style of those which have been pleasantly familiar for so long. Mr. Birrell is not one of those writers who surprise by some new point of view. He deals in no intellectual jolts and no emotional catastrophes. His mind is mature, one might say matured, like some old wine kept long in bottle. His style has its own *bouquet* and is best appreciated by those who have already satisfied the voracity of their hunger for life and are ready to lean back and taste the finer flavours with an educated and unscorched palate. He restores one's faith in civilization this urbane old man who can write of Wyclif without passion and of George Whitefield with kindly humour. Even the dry stick of pre-Wesleyan Nonconformity becomes alive in his hands and puts forth sprouts of timid blossom. Mr. Birrell might well have been an eighteenth-century divine himself, sympathetic towards Nonconformists, desiring that all things should be done decently and in order, not at all desiring to upset a world so certain of its own harmonious culture, and so well lined with books. The following passage is typical both of Mr. Birrell's learning and of the sly twinkle with which he offers it to the reader:

> "Englishmen have ever loved precedents, even in their love letters, and so, Mr. Downs tells us, our earliest collector of Forms for Letters appeared in 1568 in the person of William Fulwood, in his *Enemie of Idleness, teaching the manner and stile how to endite, compose, and write all sorts of Epistles and Letters.* The book was in four sections, and the last is made up of love-letters, not only in prose but in verse. This was before the date of actions for breach of promise of marriage."

Mr. Birrell might have sat down at table with Dr. Johnson; Mr. Norman Douglas would have preferred the company of Catullus. His masterpiece, *South Wind*, is a strange book. Readers are either enthralled by it or utterly unable to imagine why so much was ever made of it. Mr. Douglas is one of those few writers (in English) who are able to be pagan without self-consciousness, and Epicurean without expecting the skies to fall. But let no one who has not read *South Wind* take up the present publication—*Three of Them* (Chatto and Windus. 6s. net.)—expecting to discover the writer's essence. Only one of the three items is new, another is a story long out of print, and the third is an essay "On the Herpetology of the Grand Duchy of Baden," contributed to the *Zoologist* in 1891, and reprinted for its bibliographical rarity. The last it may be pleasant to possess, but no one but a zoologist should attempt to read it.

The new item is an account of a visit to Athens in 1929, and of the changes which have taken place there since the writer visited it before. The most interesting part of the book is the reprinted story, *Nerinda*, a careful study of incipient madness and the gradual disintegration of a cultivated mind. The author has clearly distinguished his own feelings from those of the man he is portraying, yet some of the latter's reflections might serve for both, especially his remarks on the character of Tiberius. The scene is laid in Capri, and the young man, the hero, falls in love with one of the plaster images from Pompeii which reproduce the attitudes of the trapped inhabitants. The climax is well done, and the whole book of interest—if one has read *South Wind* first.

briefly commended

The Complete Book of Gardening, by *J. Coutts, A. Edwards, and A. Osborn* (all of the Royal Botanical Gardens, Kew). **(Ward Lock. 15s. net.)**—If you want to dig a hole, plant a bulb, water a shrub, spell eschscholtzia, challenge the champion rose-grower of England, raise a window-box, or create a tennis lawn, this is the book for you. It deals with every subject and most flowers. It is eminently to be comprehended, even by the layman.

The Book of the Knight of La Tour Landry, edited by *G. S. Taylor.* **(Hamilton. 10s. 6d. net.)**—The classic book of instruction for the gentry of England, France, and parts of Germany, from 1371 until well into the Renaissance. The advice does not age with the years, and Miss 1930 could do worse than read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest its contents. She would be bored by it not at all, for there are in it many words she will not know (without the Glossary), and many passages smack of Boccaccio. That hearty medievalist Roman, D. B. Wyndham Lewis, writes the Introduction.

Flying Fury, by *James McCudden, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., M.M.* **(Hamilton. 3s. 6d. net.)**—Mechanic, observer, pilot, Ace—one of the greatest Aces England produced—the author of this book finished his MS. only three days before he was killed. His bag comprised fifty-seven enemy aeroplanes. A book for all aviators, most boys, and many men to read. The illustrations are by Leonard Bridgman.

Memoirs of the Late Mrs. Robinson, written by *herself.* **(Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d. net.)**—The earliest known mistress of George IV—the subject immortalized by the arts of many painters, with Reynolds and Gainsborough at their head, a poet admired by Coleridge and Godwin, a woman of the world, a bluestocking, somewhat of a prig but more of a darling, tells her tale simply and with charm. The anonymous Introduction is most imformative.

Old English Furniture for the Small Collector, by *J. P. Blake and A. E. Reveirs-Hopkins.* **(Batsford. 12s. 6d. net.)**—An excellent book, copiously illustrated, clearly presented, which should be of inestimable value to the collector of any period who has not a great deal to spend.

A History of Music in Pictures, edited by *Georg Kinsky, with an* **Introduction by** *Eric Blom.* **(Dent. 30s. net.)**—Musical iconography receives for the first time serious attention. With its 1,500 illustrations, this really great and undoubtedly vast treatise covers the period from the third millennium B.C. to the present day. The notes are concise, lucid, and helpful.

THE AUTHOR OF "ROOTS": *Señor Eduardo Zamacois whose book is a "Wuthering Heights" of Castile—reviewed on this page*

STRANGE SCENES from the MIDDLE EAST.

THE GOD of the CROSS-ROADS

The grotesque statue of a local deity at the cross-roads, Tabanan Den Pasar and Blajoe in Bali. The function of this god is the guardianship of all who use the roads. It is carved in stone and brilliantly painted and is surrounded by lesser divinities

THE WIND-CATCHERS of HYDERABAD (SIND)

The lack of ventilation in Hyderabad (Sind), a city of notorious heat, has induced the populace to equip their houses with wind-catchers constructed on the order of a ship's ventilator. As will be seen from the pictures above, these are practically ubiquitous in the city situate some fifty miles from Karachi. This city is not to be confused with that of the Nizam of Hyderabad

Posed by students of the Northern Heights School of Dancing, Highgate

BEARERS of the AMPHORA:

"The rose-tipped toes that tread the verdant lawn,
The back-flung eyes that greet the flushing dawn"

Posed by a pupil of the Gymnastikschule, Medau

THE BEAUTY of SYMMETRY:

"Foot to foot and hand to hand
Poised on marble limbs they stand,
Featly tread a saraband
Foot to foot and hand to hand"

"HO! for the MERR

In the Spring, when the
Humanity essays the

SPRINGING in the SPRING:

THE DANCE of YOUTH:

Posed
"T
U
W

MONTH of MAY!"

daffodils are dancing,
poetry of motion

Posed by Madame Geert and Mlle Zezulak of Vienna

rning the jocund earth with frolic tread
nd-whipped the locks on each devoted head"

Posed by a pupil of the Gymnastikschule, Medau

"*The light and luminous balloon*
Dips and drifts — a satin
moon"

DANCE de BALLON:

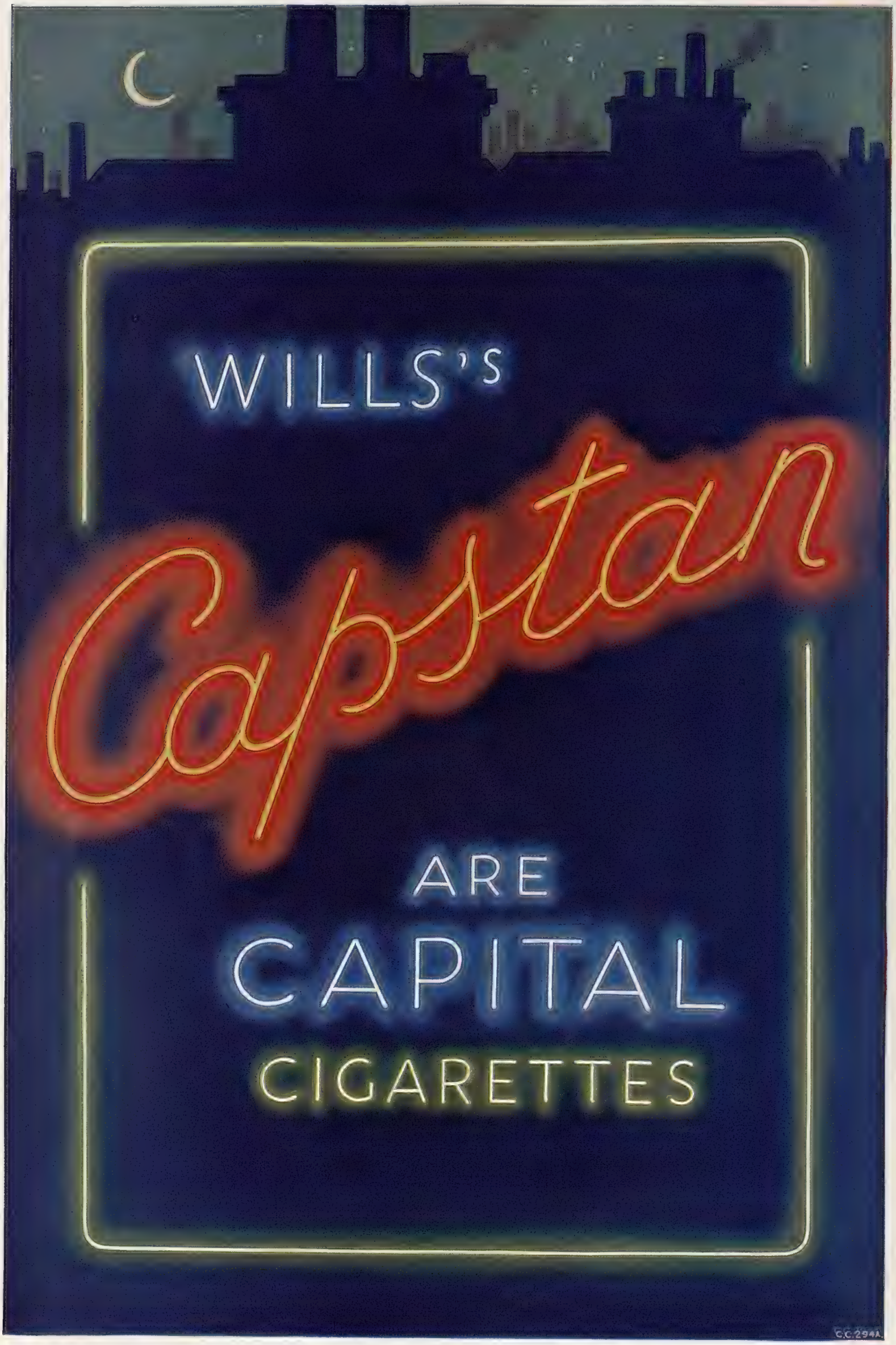
Posed by pupils at a Margaret Morris School, St. Idesbald, Belgium

tudent of the Northern Heights School of Dancing, Highgate

inging veil afloat in air,
red limbs disporting bare,
wonder all who see Youth find her fair!"

"*By the margin of the sea*
Dwells the Muse, Terpsichore,
O'er her maidens leaping free
By the margin of the sea"

GREECE wed with RUSSIA:


WILLS'S
Capstan
ARE
CAPITAL
CIGARETTES
C.C. 294A.

A PAGE for TOWN LOVERS

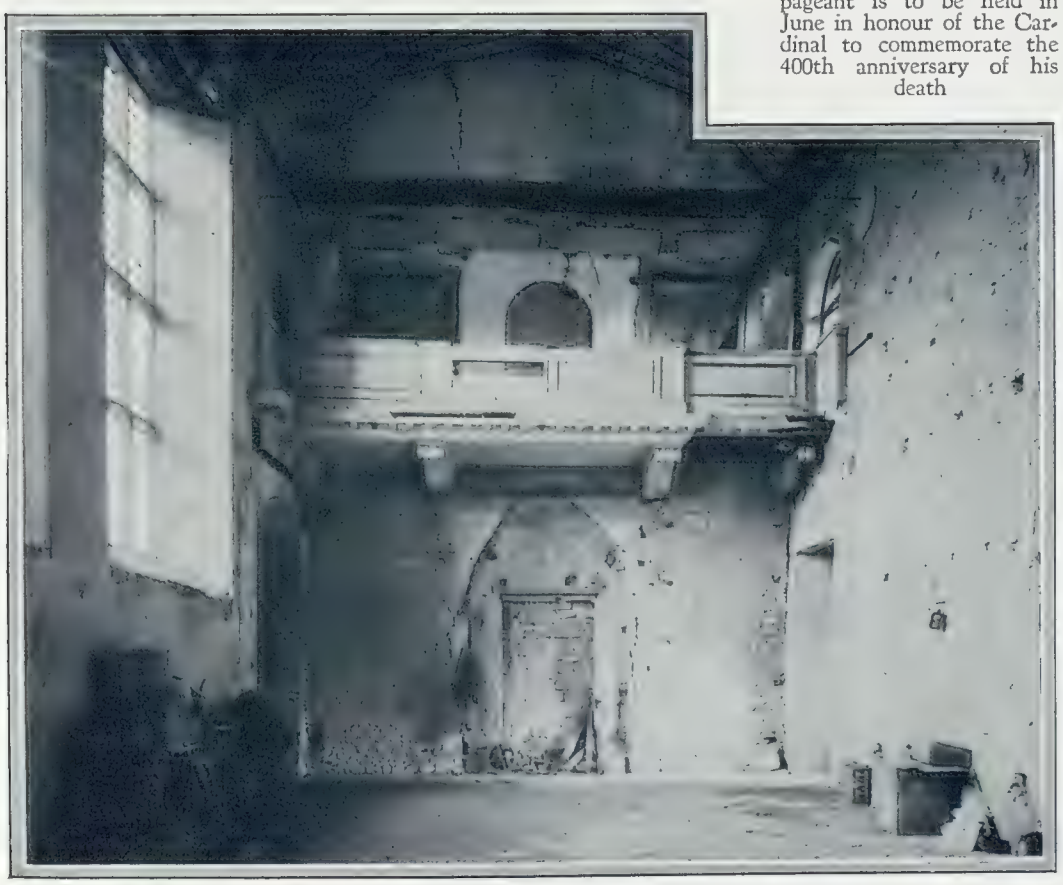
London and the Provinces Pictorially Reviewed

REBUILDING A THEATRE: The old Adelphi in the Strand is being demolished preparatory to improvement and reconstruction

ON TOP OF THE WORLD: Gilders at work on the Cross of St. Paul's, overlaying its surface and that of the ball with gold leaf

A PRISON TO BECOME A FACTORY: Work in progress on Worcester prison. The cells will be displaced by machinery. Cabinets will be made where convicts were once confined

WOLSEY'S GATEWAY: All that remains of the college the great Cardinal hoped to erect in his native Ipswich—a plan foiled by his death. A pageant is to be held in June in honour of the Cardinal to commemorate the 400th anniversary of his death



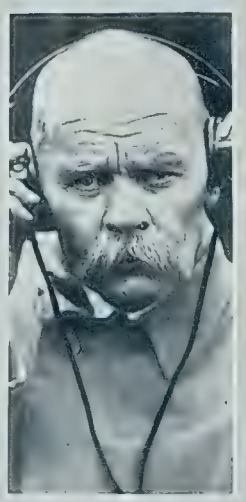
TO BE RESTORED: The banqueting hall of Kirby Hall, Northamptonshire, a glorious old pile generally conceded to be a perfect example of Renaissance architecture. It has just been taken over by the Office of Works for repair and renovation. Founded by Sir Christopher Hatton, K.G., in 1572, it was largely "modernized" by Inigo Jones in 1638. It has not been inhabited for one hundred years. Situated in the Weldon district, Kirby Hall was suggested as a retreat for the Court in danger of a French invasion

IN JEOPARDY: The ancient curfew tower at Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Glos, on the London–Holyhead Road, a hiding-place of King Charles, and a modern fire alarm is imperilled by traffic vibration. Costly renovation or instant demolition lies ahead

PORTRAITS in OIL and VINEGAR—IV

Lenare
VIRGINIA WOOLF: "Divorced from life yet living; the first to hold the lamp to show the way to other women"

Maurice Beck & Helen MacGregor
MICHAEL ARLEN: "The darling of the gods—and especially the goddesses—expert in high life—or nearly high"



MAXIM GORKI: "A man who knows life unpleasantly well in all phases save that of the occult"

Russell
REBECCA WEST: "One day she will astonish the world but she has not yet found herself as a creative artist"

"WORDS—WORDS—WORDS."

Mr. SHAW DESMOND Surveys the Field of LITERATURE

"Dog should not eat dog," runs the proverb. And a novelist should not write on novelists.

For either will he set down the pleasing word and say the thing that is untrue, or will he say what he really thinks—which is disastrous. Or, if he elect to steer that safe, middle way beloved of the English but not of the Celt, his words will be but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

So it happens that I do not know exactly what I shall say about my nine fellow-craftsmen and craftswomen as they walk upon my stage, until it has been said. But having said it, let it stand.

Here comes H. G. Wells, a little bland, a little round, a little "ordinary"—until you look upon that great dome of forehead and that luminous eye. A Bright and Beaming Boy.

In that arch from ear to ear over the concave of the skull there lies, or has lain, the farthest terrestial vision of our time, a vision that at times becomes cosmic. Yet is H. G. Wells strictly earth-bound despite the immortal short story of that door in that wall and despite one of the finest pieces of symbolic writing of our day in the English language, *The Food of the Gods*.

I will venture upon analysis and will say that H. G. Wells has vainly endeavoured to recapture that early vision of *The Food* as of the homelier, more intimate things of *The War in the Air* and the inimitable, massive *Tono Bungay*.

But art, like nature, rarely repeats herself, and the result is dreary *William Clissold*, another of those super-Fabian tracts.

Wells has been bought by millions and has been "read" by hundreds. For not one in one thousand really understood the hidden meaning of some of those earlier books like *The Food of the Gods*, or knew them to be other than "good stories." I don't think "H. G." knew always what was in them himself! Writers often don't—especially when they are mystics and know it not.

To think of Wells is to think of Arnold Bennett, for these two fine writers "grew in beauty side by side," though of different stature and quality. They, with John Galsworthy, were the guides, philosophers, *and* friends of our youth.

Bennett has written some very fine, if not very "lovable" books. *Riceyman's Steps*, for example. And he has written some very bad ones

His books of the "Five Towns" have passed into the language and will there remain. Books like *Lillian* will (literally) go the way of all flesh and be forgotten.

Arnold has a Gallic soul in the body of a Midlander. He is an exotic, like George Moore, and yet quite other. Life I imagine is for him one long succession of stimuli and of sensation; his appreciation as much physical as spiritual, associated with a certain egoistic exquisiteness.

He is the honestest critic in Europe. He can at times praise dreadful work, especially of those lame dogs of the younger jazz-generation whom he imagines want helping over stiles—stiles which don't exist, and who shouldn't be helped if they did! But he can also appraise the half-dozen really great writers of the world—especially his beloved Russians—as few others.

He is without malignance, the rarest of all negations in the creative writer. He is incapable of meanness. And there is a sort of loveliness about his treatment of fellow artists which Messieurs Blank and Blank and Blank would do well to copy.

Women like him I imagine, and he likes women. He likes them as he likes his idol, Arthur Schnabel, the world's first pianist, as *objets de vertu*. (Let us hope they are.)

Remote from the world, he is yet of it.

And when he dies he will leave few enemies and many friends.

Thank you, Mr. Bennett.

The man who now walks upon our stage is unmistakable, with his bushy brows, strong jaw, heavy moustache, and the formidable eyes which search out through their big spectacles.

Kipling is short story writer rather than novelist, and poet rather than either. For Rudyard Kipling, despite the cheap sneers of the pampered Pekinese of poetry, who have "form" but are void, is one of the greater rhymers, and his work will live long after the world has forgotten the "poets laureate."

It has been said of the Kiplingesque jaw and forehead that it is ape-like—but if Kipling be ape, he is an ape haunted by angels.

There is a girl—no one thinks of her as a woman—who steps upon our stage with an air of assurance that is all her own. She is afraid of nothing, this extremely attractive "young lady," as she would have been called by our mothers and grandmothers. And she has a reputation that is amazing, when you remember that she has written so few novels.

Everybody knows Rebecca West. You see her name on the posters of the Sunday papers. You hear of her speaking now here, now there. And every now and then you are pulled up short by one of her arresting essays, the literature-form in which, so far, she has concentrated her undoubted powers.

That she has come to her own in the public estimation one can say with certainty. That she has yet come to her own *in her own* one dare not say. Rebecca West upon her own novels would be interesting!

That some day this young woman will astonish the world—and herself—seems quite possible. For she has not quite found herself as creative artist. When she does, that tiny world of literature which alone can give reputation will know it. And it is equally assured that the "great damned British Public" who hunger for "best sellers" won't!

Here comes "the new woman." Intensive. Unmoral. Analytical.

She is the pioneer of the woman novelist proper—for unlike most of her sisters she does not imitate the male—she is a woman, and *herself*.

In *To the Lighthouse*, Virginia Woolf made literary history. "A book all about nothing," as the Great Average would say—a book that gets nowhere—and yet a book that shows through isolated indifferent incident the mirror held up to the life of the mind.

Virginia is perhaps the first of the woman-writers to hold the lamp to show the way to the thousands of other women who will tread the long and bloody trail that leads to glory. Woman was once slave; to-day she is "ape"—aping the man in art as in politics; some day she will be . . . *woman*. And it will be the Virginia Woolfs who will have helped to show her the way.

Of her it may be said that whilst seeming divorced from life, she is living. Of the smallish good-looking man who follows her, it may be said that he is all life and yet not always living!

Michael Arlen is the darling of the gods—and especially of the goddesses. His sales run into the hundred thousand. He is supposed to be the arch-delineator of high life, or nearly high. And yet there are those who find nothing of life in his books, who find that he skates over the surface of things and of people.

Yet this man *must* have some secret which is hidden from those of whom I speak. In his famous *Green Hat*, of which I personally managed to read sixty-six pages after three months' hard work, and then had to lay it down, there *must* be something that has to do with life. But what is it?

I give it up.

Life is found for me, as for others, rather in the high thin slab of man with whom I recently spent an evening at the Capo di Sorrento in Italy—Maxim Gorki.

Here is a lovable man. Here is a man who knows life unpleasantly well in all its phases save the phase of the occult—for to Gorki there is but one life and one death.

(Continued on p. 244)

MODERN GLADIATORS

Helmeted Lacrosse Players from Britain Challenge the U.S.A.

In circle above — THE HELMETED WARRIOR: Mr. George Ricketts, goal of the British twelve

THE SYMBOL OF SPORTSMANSHIP: The captains of the rival lacrosse teams shake hands before the combined twelve of Oxford and Cambridge went down to defeat before the Pennsylvania University twelve. Captains Brauer and Magai are seen above

NUDITY AND ARMOUR: Captain A. E. Brauer of the combined Oxford and Cambridge twelve shakes hands with Captain Ernest Cornbrook of St. John's College, U.S.A., lacrosse team. The British team has hopes of winning the Flannery Cup, awardea to the winner of the world's lacrosse championship, to which end it is playing fourteen games in the U.S.A.

SPEED AND STAMINA IN DEMAND: A thrilling moment in the game between Oxford and Cambridge combined lacrosse team and that of Pennsylvania University, won by the latter by 5 goals to 4

A COUNTRY-LIFE PAGE.

HARBINGER OF SPRING: A scene taken in the early morning in Lexden Park, Colchester. The weeping willow's sweeping curves were golden green in the spring sun. The scene, though the bird is not a chaffinch nor the plant a fruit tree, recalls Browning's ecstatic ebullition in "Home Thoughts from Abroad": "And the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough, In England —now"

WITHIN A DOZEN MILES OF LONDON: The Spirit of Spring exemplified in light and shade at Bushey, Hertfordshire

SPRING BY THE RIVER'S MARGE: A scene in Surrey where the trees droop wistfully to the stream and the black-necked swan lends a note of vividness to the *tout ensemble*

•The WORLD of WOMEN•

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

It's a Hard Life for the Modern Girl

— Freedom bears in its train stern discipline, the fear of competition, while the diminishing efficacy of sex-appeal combine to render the lot of Miss 1930 not a happy one

By GODFREY WINN

Every generation is the victim of its own standards of behaviour.

The Victorians, it is true, suffered terribly from suppression, but in ridiculing the mementoes of that suppression, we are inclined to overlook the fact that we ourselves suffer just as badly from this modern passion for self-expression.

No one is a more ardent feminist than I am—a female Prime Minister would fill my heart with joy—but nevertheless I cannot help feeling that when the time comes for the domestic history of this period to be written, the historian—safely ensconced in his study—will not write "Poor Victorian grandmother," but "Poor modern girl."

But why, you protest in amazement? Hasn't woman's position improved enormously during the last fifty years? Is she not to-day regarded as a serious rival to, if not the equal of, man in all branches of modern life—in art, in sport, in business?

Yes, I admit all that. Sex equality has to come sooner or later. But is the modern girl, because of this equality, this recognition, necessarily happier and more contented than her mother or her mother's mother?

Personally I am very doubtful. The Victorian canvas may have been small, lacking in sweep of expression, limited in subject and outlook but, within those *self-imposed* limits, it was sound, solid work. No masterpieces perhaps, but very few failures.

It maintained a consistent level, and the Victorian woman was content with that level. We say—How dull, how drearily, deadly dull her life must have been. She said—How *safe*, how secure, how satisfactory. And if she were still alive and able to regard the efforts of the modern girl to carve out for herself a career and a name, would she not protest in amazement—But how *un*safe, how *in*secure, how *very, very un*satisfactory. . . .

Mabel Robey

OLD: *An enchanting picture of the 'sixties posed by Miss Emmie Arthur-Williams in "Milestones"*

For is that not true? Did the modern girl, when she slammed the front door behind her, exclaiming, "Well, thank heaven that's over, now I am free to live my own life!" did she realize quite what drudgery, what discipline, what drawbacks that word "freedom" brings in its train? And if she had, would she have forfeited quite or so blithely her former state, or *possible* state of petting and protection.

Clearly not. It is all very well for pillars of the Church to rebuke us for being a mass of nerves. This is not the cause—as they so glibly and smugly assert—of too much tobacco, too many late nights, or even a weakness for cocktails. Those may be tributaries, but the *main* cause, the ultimate reason for that tight, harassed look, is simply and solely the fear of—competition.

A woman is never free of the dread that some other woman will squeeze into her place in the so narrow line of success.

And if that happens, *when that happens*, she is in a very awkward position. Her cake is eaten, her boats burnt. Her cry of freedom, her demand to be allowed to live her own life has been too piercing, too continuous for her to be able now to slip back gracefully into private life.

And here looms another cloud to mar this much-boosted and not-so-blue-as-all-that sky. By her demands for freedom the modern girl has entirely changed man's sex attitude towards herself. For all through the ages, it must be remembered, he has served merely as the mirror for her own self-love, self-admiration.

NEW: *A typical product of 1930 in a sports dinner-gown in rose georgette trimmed with silver*

As the angle of that admiration changes, so does his angle of approach. Once he admired her for her looks, or her domestic virtues; now he admires her for her brains and this new passion for financial independence. Whereas before his worship of beauty he overlooked, until it was too late, the accompanying dumbness, now—the coloured glasses of tolerance smashed into tiny pieces—he sees nothing but the dumbness, a dreary vista of conversationless years. So he doesn't propose, and the poor girl is in a panic. She had always been brought up to understand that to sit about looking attractive in expensive clothes and using her sex appeal like a shrimping net was sufficient occupation for any *nice* girl.

It was—*once*. It isn't any longer. All her friends—rich and poor alike—have careers. They are busy doing *something*. She must do something, too.

But what? That is the question. The quality of intelligence is a scarce one in the human race. Going to school all over again, and this time *seriously*, is not the happiest way of spending one's adult days.

Poor modern girl . . . what a life she has . . .!

CATERING *for the* CONVALESCENT

— Do you know how to feed your invalid?

By Ann Drew

Once I went with a friend of mine to an extremely expensive nursing home (I shall not tell you where it was) to see her little girl, who was to be operated on for appendicitis that afternoon. We arrived at lunch-time and found the child just sitting up to a tray that had been brought her. On it was a plate of prime roast beef and vegetables. If we had not arrived when we did she would have eaten it. It is conceivable that the surgeon when he came that afternoon might also have operated without knowing what she had had. Of course "an unaccountable error!" Almost inconceivable, certainly, that any nurse, however young and inexperienced, could have made quite such a mistake. But (though that is admittedly an extreme case) *the general ignorance concerning the kind of food and cooking that should be offered to the patient and the convalescent is really deplorable.*

In the first place there seems to be a sort of superstition—particularly in this country—that anything which is easy to chew must of necessity be easy to digest. Nothing can be more wrong, since chewing stimulates the production of digestive juices. Besides, of soft foods, the most popular seems to be *mince*, than which there are few things worse for an invalid. *All warmed-up foods of every kind should definitely be banned in the sick-room.* They are hard to digest, and have lost nutritive value in the re-cooking.

Take some practical examples, though, from convalescence, which usually offers the worst problem because of the patient's re-awakening interest in food. Boiled chicken, of course, is an obvious, and expensive, dish. If you invest in it, cut the chicken up raw and cook each cut from it, gently, and separately as required. Never cook the whole chicken and warm it up piecemeal. You might almost as well throw it out of the window.

At this time the doctor will usually allow a little meat for the midday meal. Don't make the mistake of giving too much. A piece the size of half-a-crown is enough the first day. Increase this by degrees—leaps and bounds at last! A cutlet very gently simmered in soup stock is an excellent early meat dish. Do not boil violently. You will toughen the meat and get all the good out of it. Next come grills—always the most digestible form of cooked meat for a delicate stomach. In all grilling (not only for the sick-room) the meat should be constantly turned, otherwise it hardens. Never sprinkle salt, or put "a dash of butter," on a grill intended for an ill or delicate person.

Here is an excellent and not expensive dish for the early "solids" period of convalescence. It alternates well with fish meals (which should, by the way, never be fried).

Buy lambs' sweetbreads, for they are cheaper than calves' - breads, and delicious when properly cooked. (It is entirely a question of taking time and trouble enough with them.) First boil them slowly for about half-an-hour in water. This in order to be able to skin them—the skin being both unsightly and tough. Skin thoroughly, if necessary even pulling them to pieces in the process.

Now boil again in soup stock *until quite tender;* thicken the stock into a sauce and serve. One excellent way of thickening up both soups and sauces for invalids is by using powdered arrowroot. Arrowroot for thickening must be used in just the same way as arrowroot plain. A spoonful of the white powder worked into a perfectly smooth paste, with the smallest possible quantity of cold water, and this paste stirred very quickly into the *boiling* fluid, so that it has no time to lump. I have found this a godsend with patients on a liquid—broth and milk—diet. Nothing is more monotonous than broth, but when sometimes it takes the form of a quivering, hot jelly the poor victim will be grateful.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—cont.

FABRIC WALLS *in* PARIS

—The Latest Fashion in the Gay Capital

By VIOLET KING

There are very determined ideas concerning walls in Paris to-day, and the treatment varies between the use of very fine woods and fabrics. Sometimes the fabric-lined wall meets a delicately-tinted ceiling to match—sometimes one finds a part of the wall panelled in wood and the rest in modernist fabric, chosen to be in sympathy with the chairs and curtains.

Where the material is shown between wood panelling, the idea is to frame the fabric with a narrow border of the same wood to give it a picture effect. Needless to say, when this method is chosen the fabric is of the best quality possible. So much depends on beautiful textures, and surfaces are considered as carefully in Paris as colours.

MODERNISM AT ITS BEST: *A room designed by Dimea of Paris. One distinctive wall-panel is shown, with velvets and furs on the sofa beneath. The lighting casts subtle shadows*

With many of the walnut schemes, slub rep is used with advantage—silk of course—and with its colouring chosen carefully. Soft tones of merging colours are the vogue, and the art of mixing them has been mastered by modern decorators in Paris. Satins of the palest shades are combined to form perfect backgrounds for the Frenchwoman. There is not one touch of heaviness in any of the new schemes.

Whole rooms of black can be worked out without being in any way heavy; the colour interest may be supplied in glass, and a few large cushions of unusual shape, of bright jade satin, piped with black. Rugs, too, of the same colour are used with dull black walls.

The fabric panels may be stretched flat and straight, or arranged in geometrical folds. (Euclid is extremely popular in all modern decorative schemes!) The ceiling is usually of parchment or old ivory with matt black walls, and many of the recesses or arches are used for the purpose of showing unique pieces of small statuary. These naturally show up best against a dead black background.

INFORMALITY AND COMFORT: *The divans in this living-room by Chareau are movable. A great convenience to the families who change the position of their furniture*

Whether the walls are of silk, satin alone, or mixed with fine woods, they are so arranged that they shall present lines which are striking in their contrast, and colours which are unusual—mostly on the delicate side—unless for a man's room, when velvets of chestnut colour mixed with a variety of browns seem to find favour. Furs also enter into many Paris schemes—on coverlets and sofas.

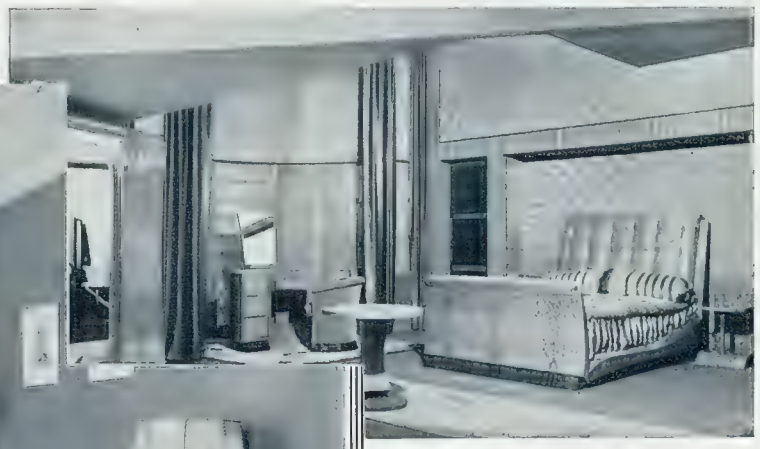
One of the cleverest illusions of wall treatments is to be seen in the casino at Dieppe, where the impression is given of walls panelled in soft satin of pale and dark silver, and which are really narrow strips of light and dark-grey wood running from floor to ceiling, placed at alternate angles almost like an accordion-pleated skirt when the pleats have nearly vanished. These walls at night-time show one the effect of soft silver satin in two shades seen under diffused lighting. Tub-shaped chairs complete the scheme; these are upholstered in old rose velvet.

In ordinary rooms where special fabrics are seen on the walls, hidden revolving lights are near by, so that the beauty of the fabric shall not be lost. There is much that is subtle in the new decoration and thereby lies its charm.

COMFORTABLE CORNERS

—Alcoves Possess many Unexplored Possibilities both of Decorative Charm and Practical Utility

With what extraordinary frequency one hears the complaint that a room has awkward corners, or that this or that interior could be furnished much more effectively if only it were not such a difficult shape! It almost seems that corners, alcoves, recesses, or similar irregularities in floor plan frighten us. Yet the truth is that the more corners a room has the greater are the possibilities it provides for ingenious furnishing; and the more irregular its alcoves, the more arresting may be the effect when properly equipped. Moreover its charm and comfort should be correspondingly increased. The French, and especially the Modernists, are far ahead of us in realization of this truth. They never waste a corner, and they love alcoves.



EASE AND ELEGANCE: *The satin upholstered bed has a coverlet of silk and fur. The walls are panelled in fabric of modernist design by Saddier of Paris*

It rarely seems to occur to English folk that, in a small room, anything from two to four corners may be available, and that if essential pieces of furniture are placed cornerwise in these instead of being given prominent positions in the centre of the walls, almost all the important floor space is still unoccupied.

But this is merely the beginning of wisdom. The charm and utility of larger apartments can be increased an hundredfold if their shape is irregular, or if they possess awkward corners which may be turned into alcoves. A favourite method with the modern decorators is to equip recesses of this kind with a divan or settee which accurately fits the space available, and may be either removable or fitted as part of the structure. If bookshelves, an occasional table, and a smoker's cabinet are included, you then have an alcove in which many a quiet hour may be spent with both pleasure and profit. The divan is also available for adaptation as a spare bed on occasions when one's guests outnumber the spare bedrooms.

Moreover the idea is capable of almost infinite variation. It is possible for the alcove to have two such divans; or, where the walls make unusual angles, a shaped seat is an agreeable alternative. Or a smoker's cabinet may be placed in the corner, flanked with bookshelves and with a settee at one side.

Almost the only type of alcove found to any extent in English houses is the dining recess, adjacent to the sitting-room or lounge. This is frequently a useful and convenient way of planning the smaller type of modern house; but on the Continent the process is reversed; one finds that the dining-room sometimes has a small alcove or corner equipped as a sitting-room, with lounge easy chairs, a small occasional table, and perhaps a built-in settee. A sleeping alcove is another serviceable idea, especially for small flats where accommodation is frequently restricted. The sleeping alcove must include sufficient windows for ventilation.

In modern schemes of decoration the alcove is not as a rule screened off in any way from the rest of the interior, but in the case of alcoves used for sleeping a curtain which may be drawn across at will is almost a necessity.

B. B.

A BOOK-LOVER'S CORNER: *The built-in divans are of walnut. The main library is toward the right, and shelves for special volumes are visible in the pillar behind the upholstered chair. Notice Chareau's architectural treatment of the alabaster lighting fitment instead of a capital on the column to the right*

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—cont.

YOUNG THINGS

Children of the Aristocracy

Douglas

SON OF AN AMBASSADOR: *Master Jiro Matsudairas, son of the Japanese Ambassador to Britain, seen above in his national dress*

FISH *VERSUS* VEGETABLES: *Count Nicholas Serenyi, the Hungarian landowner, a great enthusiast for child welfare, with his two sons, the elder of whom has been brought up on a diet of fish and eggs, while the younger is a product of milk and vegetables. Neither baby has ever tasted meat*

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF ENGLAND: *Master Guy Hannen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Hannen, caught by the camera in Hyde Park*

Marcus Adams

OF A DUCAL HOUSE ON THE DISTAFF SIDE: *Charles, son of Lieut.-Commander Clare-Vyner, R.N., and Lady Doris Vyner, the younger daughter of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon*

Marcus Adams

AGE OF INNOCENCE: *Susan Anne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Armstrong-Jones and grandchild of Sir Robert Armstrong-Jones. Her mother is a daughter of Colonel Messel of Nylands, Suffolk*

Douglas

DOWNCAST EYES OF MODESTY: *Miss Anne Paget, the enchanting daughter of Major and Mrs. J. B. Paget, arrayed in a dress redolent of the gracious charms of years long gone to dust*

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—cont.

NEW DAYS OR OLD?

—Life in the eighteenth century was very decorative—but existence to-day has its own amenities

By Baseden Butt

How some among us sigh for the good old eighteenth century! It was an age, certainly, of unparalleled craftsmanship, leisure, and culture. We are familiar with the surviving fine furniture and interior decoration of the time, and the men and women by whom this antique furniture was first used, and for whom these gorgeous decorations were first planned, were in every way worthy of the lovely setting in which they moved.

This is well proven by the elegant couple pictured against a Georgian mantelpiece, which provides their normal background. The silk and satin, rich embroidery, and delicate lace of their apparel, the powder and patches of their make-up, their snow-white wigs, and the entire elegance of their personalities, these show the same quality of urbane refinement as a Chippendale armchair or an Adam ceiling.

Waring and Gillow

SOLE SOLACE OF A LONELY LIFE: *Books were the only solitary relaxation of the eighteenth century. Radio, telephones, and motor-cars were blessings—or not—still in the womb of the future*

And yet, after all, who is there would perforce spend each and every evening, save in the very height of summer, by candlelight? Who would devote days and even weeks to travelling by post-chaise or coach from Bath to London? And above all, who is there who would prefer wearing these eighteenth-century clothes, gorgeous though they be? What modern woman would appreciate a hooped petticoat, or the heavy trailing gown and ridiculous indoor headdress known as a "fontange," or "tower," which was fashionable in the Queen Anne period?

Men's clothes, too, managed to combine a high degree of impressiveness with even greater discomfort. Until the middle of the eighteenth century it was usual for men's waistcoats or vests to reach to within an inch or two of the knees.

They were more like *over*coats. And prior to 1750 it was the accepted thing in winter for men to carry not only swords but muffs in the streets. As for all the powder which both sexes used with utmost lavishness—if the melancholy truth be told, powder was in those days a substitute for soap and water. Remember, plumbing, with its benefits and exasperations, was an unknown science. There were no taps for "h. and c." in every bedroom and no hot-water boilers. Your water supply came from the pump in the back yard; and the small size of the washstands of the period show that this liquid was not used for ablutions with any great extravagance.

No, it is very much better to be a "modern." For we men and women of to-day—like certain schools of religious philosophy which promise you "the best of both worlds"—are able to enjoy, in our homes and in our daily lives, the best of all periods. Everything that was beautiful and noble in seventeenth- and eighteenth-century home equipment may be ours to-day. We may even dine by candlelight, since candles have their own distinctive poetry. But we also enjoy innumerable modern comforts—from central heating to patent foodstuffs and the provender of far countries.

Even modern clothes—though so often condemned by the apostles of dress reform—are not only far more hygienic than the old, but also not without their appropriate feminine beauty and male dignity. Yes, there is no doubt that "these," the living men and women of to-day, have an infinitely better time, and are much more to be envied than "those," the poor pale ghosts of the past, who, when they lived, were "cribbed, cabin'd, and confined" through the essential limitations of their age, on top of which were piled a hundred arbitrary conventions. By all means let us have period furniture and classical decorations in our homes, for these are beautiful, but nevertheless, let us thank God, the "good olde times" can never possibly come back.

Why is it, I wonder, that the things we thresh out so painfully in prose are said so succinctly in verse?

In the words of the poet:

"The olden days, the olden ways are very fair for *dreams*
With flirt of skirt and ruffled shirt and jewelled rapier gleams
With candle flames and courtly dames by rustic village streams:
But years go by apace, and I rejoice that through the strife
Of effort late the days create an earth with culture rife . . .
The modern days, the modern ways, are far more fair for *life*."

J. C. and J. Field

LIFE IS BEST TO-DAY: *Modern youth can ransack the ages for anything that appeals to it—such as the soft light of candles*

Waring and Gillow

ROMANCE BY THE FIRE: *In olden days, even as to-day, the fireplace was a great feature of any room*

NOTHING *like* LEATHER

—Its care and preservation

By Gladys Hall

Nothing looks nicer than a leather-upholstered suite, but nothing looks worse than one decaying from lack of care. This decay is for the most part due to the acid contained in gas fumes and the atmosphere of large towns, which is absorbed by the leather, causing it to become tender and rotten.

This can be prevented by sponging the leather with a mixture of one teaspoonful of strong ammonia and four teaspoonfuls of vinegar added to one quart of cold water, and afterwards applying a little castor oil by means of a slightly greased rag, and rubbing it well in. When this is dry a light application of a good colourless boot-cream, followed by a thorough polishing with a soft rag, will restore the leather to all its pristine glory. This treatment once a year will do much to prolong the life of the suite.

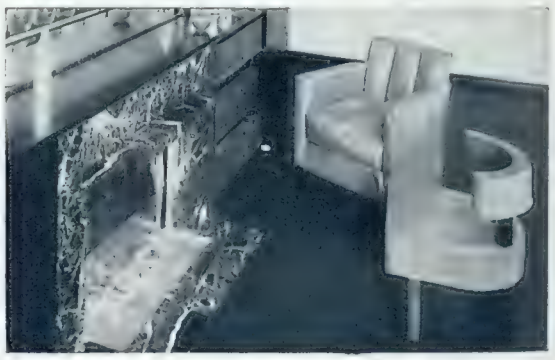
Routine cleaning of leather upholstery is quite simple. Just rub it very lightly with a soft cloth soaked in milk. This preserves the original gloss of the leather almost indefinitely. Carbon tetrachloride will remove dark greasy marks caused by continual wear. Apply it quickly and generously and rub hard.

Where the original gloss of the leather has become dull the following mixture will be found useful. Mix together the white of one egg and one-quarter pint of fresh milk. Make up to one pint with cold water. This should be applied evenly with a soft sponge and the leather then allowed to dry in a warm room. When thoroughly dry a good brushing with a fairly soft brush will produce a beautiful surface.

The arms, fronts of seats, and the tops of the backs become stretched and wrinkled with long use. The leather can be tightened and its freshness restored by lightly pressing with a warm iron.

Any tiny flakes which show as a result of the surface being scratched can be stuck down again with a spot of gum applied from the end of a knitting-needle. Should any corners be badly worn so that the white backing is apparent, dissolve a little dye of the required colour in an egg-cupful of boiling water, making it strong. Apply while hot to the rubbed patches. When dry give the rubbed places a coating of copal varnish.

A polish that will discourage scratches is made by warming together 1 oz. of glue, half-a-pint of vinegar, and a quarter-of-a-pint of water. Then add half-a-drachm of isinglass and stir until the mixture reaches boiling point. Allow it to boil for twenty minutes, then add a little turmeric in order to match the leather. This mixture does not harden the leather nor leave it sticky. Apply this polish to the leather with a piece of soft flannel for four or five weeks. Then continue with the milk treatment.



MODERNITY IN LEATHER: *Two fascinating modern chairs by Andre Lurcat*

Much of the leather used for upholstering furniture and motor-cars is known as "enamelled" leather, made by covering the surface of hides with layers of enamel, and then embossing with a suitable design, generally to imitate the natural grain of other types of leathers. The surface is impervious to water and grease, and a fairly liberal application of castor oil, wiped off after about an hour will prevent the enamel from cracking. Any dirt should be removed with soap and water. This procedure also applies to the various makes of imitation leather.

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Also order SCHWEPPES SODA WATER, TONIC WATER, GINGER BEER, LEMON SQUASH, CIDER, ETC.

SPRING Breaks on THE PETROL WORLD.

A Special Motoring Section of "The Sphere" by

A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.C.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands—Special Correspondent to "The Sphere")

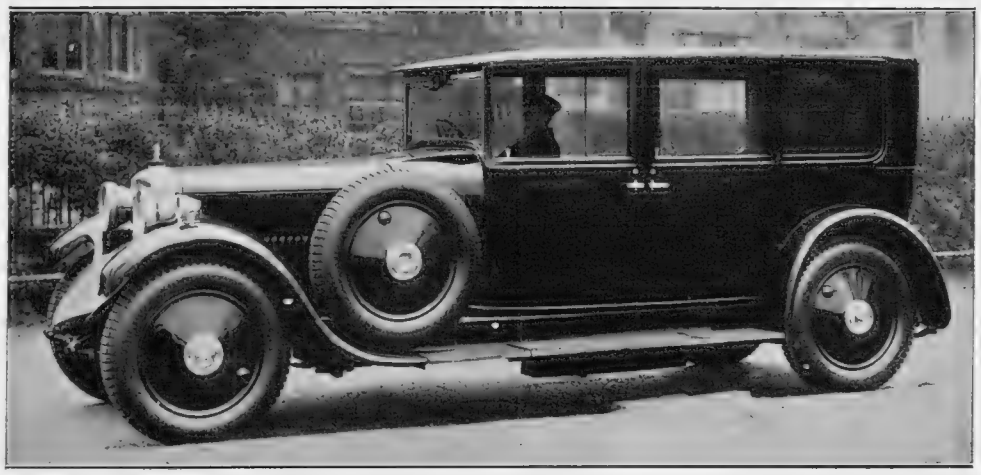
SUMMER ROAD REPAIRS.—Before very long the various authorities who are responsible for the upkeep of our roads will be busy sprinkling tar over the countryside and then covering the sticky coating with sand or flints. There are very few districts where this top-dressing is applied in such a manner that no damage occurs to a car when passing over it. In the majority of cases flints are sprinkled over the surface, with the result that the tyres of one's car are cut, and in warm weather, the body is splashed with tar. This road, work is so badly and inefficiently carried out that I cannot understand why our big motoring bodies do not agree on concerted action so as to safeguard the interests of their own members, who yearly suffer thousands of pounds' worth of damage during the period when tar application is in progress.

The county councils, the district councils, and all the other councils that spray tar over our roads usually assert, when a complaint is made to them, that the car must have been driven too fast. In some cases this accusation may contain a grain of truth, but I do know from my own personal experience when the road beside my own house was liberally coated with the black, sticky liquid and inadequately covered with a dressing, that even at 2 or 3 m.p.h. the tar found its way on to the body of the car. On the other hand, I have come across roads where tar-spraying was in progress, and have actually driven at speed over stretches where the work had been completed only a few hours before, and no inconvenience was experienced. In most cases this was due to the top-dressing being liberally applied and quickly rolled in. In other instances patent dust-laying dressing had been employed.

I am told that the application of flints on top of the tar is preferable to sand provided that they are rolled into the surface. Not being a qualified road engineer, I cannot confirm this statement, but I do know that when the flints are not firmly embedded in the surface their presence is not only objectionable but liable to occasion damage. If the tyres on the car are in any way old, flints will enter and puncture tubes, much to the disgust of the driver. If the covers, on the other hand, are new, the flints will still become embedded, but the tread being nice and thick, they will not reach the danger zone provided that someone removes them before they have a chance to do their worst.

ON THE SUBJECT OF TYRES.—Every owner should periodically examine the tyres of his car. The best way is to remove each wheel in turn and look at the tread of the cover closely. The removal of flints is an irksome task, but the labour involved is not in any way wasted. After a time it almost becomes fascinating, and the flints can be ejected by the employment of an old pair of scissors or a blunt-ended metal skewer. Where big gashes are discovered they should be filled up with one or other of the various vulcanizing preparations which are on the market.

Whilst on the subject of tyres a few words on their general upkeep would not be amiss. Such great improvements have been made since the war that the life of the average tyre is almost three times that which one usually obtained in 1914. I am certain that the wonderful wearing qualities of the average tyre to-day are in some way responsible for the universal illtreatment that is meted out to them. Personally I am more than usually disgusted if I have one puncture in 16,000 miles. I feel when such an eventuality takes place that I ought to fume at the mouth and try to convince the manufacturers that their products are rotten. The tyre-maker, however, has this trick played so frequently on him that he is quite prepared to meet the attack. A very obliging and courteous representative will come and look at one's tyres if a visit be paid to the company's depôt. When the owner is powerless the tyre pressures will be taken and the betting is about ten to one on the lb. per square inch being below what was recommended. Once that is discovered all the owner's accusations as to bad quality and careless manufacture tumble like a house of cards to the ground. Usually I have to confess I run my tyres below the stated pressures simply because I obtain greater comfort when driving in the car, but I can assure every owner that the tyres will be far more satisfactory and will last longer if care is taken to see that the pressure which is recommended is being observed. The usual gauge fixed on a pump is generally inaccurate. I always use a Schrader pressure-gauge, the readings of which are of real service.



DAIMLER — HOOPER

A MAYORAL CARRIAGE: An enclosed limousine-landaulette body by Hooper and Co. (Coachbuilders) Ltd., mounted on a Daimler chassis recently supplied to the Lord Mayor of Leeds

BROOKLANDS LAP-RECORD BROKEN.—Captain H. R. S. Birkin's successful attack on the Brooklands' lap record on Easter Monday was an astounding performance as, after all, Captain Birkin is really a newcomer so far as Brooklands is concerned, though he has had a certain amount of experience and has met with a fair amount of success in road races. Brooklands track does require a certain amount of knowing when high speeds are going to be attained. Captain Birkin's achievement is, therefore, a wonderful testimonial to his skill as a driver. It is, of course, in addition a real high feather in the cap of Bentley Motors, Limited. His all-out speed is certainly not so great as Mr. Thompson's Delage or Mr. Kaye Don's Sunbeam, but Captain Birkin, on account of his skill and the stability of his Bentley, was able to keep his foot hard down on the accelerator the whole time, and thereby he was able to travel faster on the more dangerous parts of the track than is probably possible with the other two cars mentioned.

When Brooklands was designed the banking was made suitable for a maximum speed of 120 m.p.h. which in 1907, when the track was completed, appeared to be a figure that was never likely to be reached in fifty years. A lap speed of 135.33 m.p.h. is, therefore, a distinct victory for practice over theory, and I certainly would not be surprised if this year or next year we see the lap record go up to 140 m.p.h.

THE EVER-WATCHFUL R.A.C.—Seeing four youths pushing a car along a road near his box, an R.A.C. guide inquired if he could be of any assistance. He was informed that they had run out of petrol, whereupon he offered to fetch some from a near-by garage. Upon this the youths stated that they had no money and immediately walked away, abandoning the car. The R.A.C. guide, becoming suspicious, telephoned for the police, who, when they arrived, identified the abandoned car as one that had been reported as stolen. As the guide was about to leave with the police in pursuit of the youths he was called to the telephone in his box and asked if he could assist in tracing a second car that had also been stolen. He remembered having seen the car that morning, and telephoned to other R.A.C. guides along the route which this second car was following.

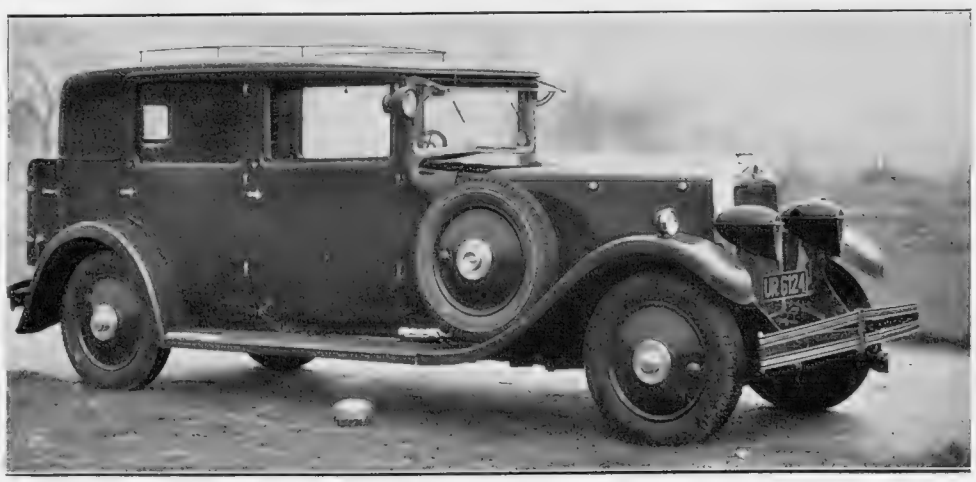
As a consequence the car was stopped and the driver and his companions detained. To assist in the recovery of two stolen cars within half-an-hour must surely constitute a record.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.—The Automobile Association has sent me the following gems, which I pass on with pleasure to my readers:

An A.A. patrol dismounted and joined the member beside his stranded car—a vehicle of a vintage-year long past. "Can I do anything for you, sir?" he said. "Yes, you may keep the dashed thing, I'm fed up with it! Here's my card, just send me the badge and magneto," came the reply.

A lady member called at the Paris office in great trouble; had left Customs documents, passports, etc., at a restaurant. "Can A.A. help?" "Certainly." "And the name of the restaurant and the town, please?" Both unknown. Somewhere along the road from Havre. "Can you describe it, madam?" "Well, it had seats outside." "Yes, madam; but, er, any *distinctive* feature?" "A green awning—yes—and it was almost on a corner with a post office." "Thank you, madam, that will be the restaurant —— at ——." "Yes, that's the place." And in due course the missing documents came back to their owner.

(Continued on following page)



LAN-CHESTER — J. C. CLARKE

SUPER-CAR FOR SUPERMAN: A magnificent Lanchester Straight-Eight enclosed-drive limousine lately delivered to Mr. Bernard Shaw. The body was specially built to his order by J. C. Clarke of Shepherd's Bush. Mr. Shaw writes brilliantly of apple-carts, but seldom rides in them!

"THE CAR THAT THE BLUE TRAIN CAN BEAT"

The famous Blue Train can probably beat the Invincible Talbot over any given stretch on all-out speed—this is purely surmise, as the attempt has never been made.

Most emphatically however, it cannot beat the new Scout Talbot on comfort, luxury, or reliability—you can loll back on the deep upholstered cushions — you can do sixty, if you wish, or work to any schedule you choose.

You may get there before the Blue Train—you may be a little later, but you will arrive unflurried, and in perfect comfort.

If you want a racer, there are many available, but if you want the last word in luxury motoring, then you might try

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THE PETROL WORLD—cont.

The A.A. member was furious. The garage was a disgrace; yes, he insisted that the A.A. must cancel its appointment. The reason? "He had collected his car—was a mile down the road—when a noise, a strange noise, was heard. Squeaking, what could it be? Looking round he found a mother cat and a numerous litter of quite new kittens!"

THE LATEST COASTING DEVICE.—A short while ago free-wheels were very much in the public eye, and then for some reason or other the whole subject seems to have faded into obscurity, so that the re-awakening of the public to the benefits of a free-wheel on a motor-car by the introduction of the Millam design is opportune. This new free-wheel is very compact and not only allows the car to coast forward when the driver takes his foot off the accelerator pedal, but it also possesses a sprag which automatically holds the car stationary on a gradient should the car stop by design or by accident. This Millam free-wheel and sprag is manufactured by Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., Ltd., to the designs of the Frictionless Mastagear, Ltd., and therefore deserves quite a considerable amount of attention from the start.

A HEROINE AND HER "KNIGHT": Miss Julia Faye, a Goldwyn star well known to film-goers, with her new Willys-Knight coupe

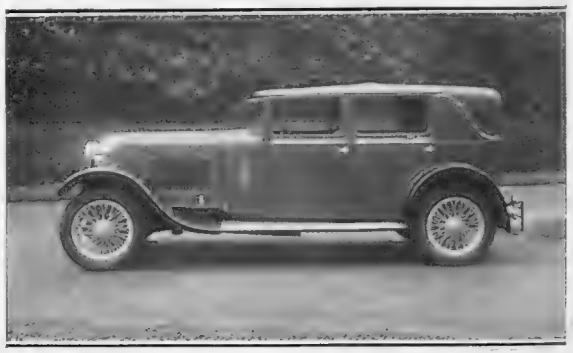
I think I have driven about three cars fitted with free-wheels, and on one occasion I spent an entire week-end touring round the country with a car thus equipped. The advantages of the device are I think beyond dispute; much less wear on all parts of the chassis, a distinct saving in petrol, and a free-wheel, and with one such as the Millam, gear-changing can be carried out by the inexpert in that same quiet and certain manner that is associated with the handling of a gear-lever by a racing driver.

I have never driven a free-wheel car long enough to find out if the device is thoroughly reliable, but I certainly have no reason to think that the Millam, which is manufactured by such a famous engineering firm, would be likely to cause any trouble whatever.

HOW IT WORKS.—Whether free-wheels will ever become universally popular is open to great doubt. Looking at it from a purely selfish point of view, I do not think I should ever have one fitted, merely because the constant alteration in the note of the engine would irritate me. Let me explain exactly what I mean: The car is accelerated until the speedometer reaches 40 and the engine is turning over quite rapidly. The accelerator pedal is released, the engine revolutions slow down to an idling speed, and the car continues forward for some considerable distance at 40 m.p.h. Sooner or later the speed drops, the engine is accelerated so that the 40 m.p.h. mark may once again be reached, and so one's progress continues. In order therefore to keep travelling at a constant speed the engine speed is frequently changed. There is no jar, there is no great fuss, but there is this frequent changing of engine note, whereas on an ordinary car the beat of the engine would remain constant so long as the speed of the car remained at 40 m.p.h.

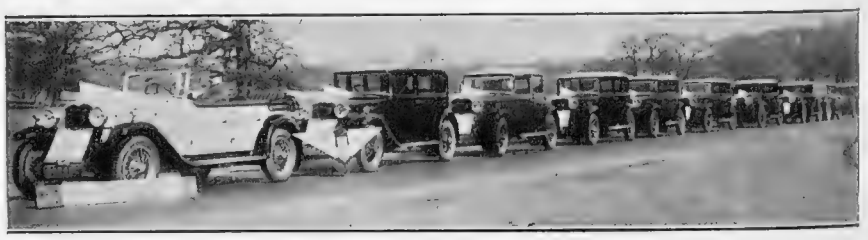
Nine out of ten people may not object to this disadvantage, and I would like to make it quite clear that it is not due in any way to the good or bad manufacture of the device, but is merely the result of the application of the free-wheel principle to a motor-car. So far, I can see nothing to banish it.

AN EVEN BETTER FORD.—The Ford Motor Company, Ltd., have recently introduced alterations to their products which make their cars very modern in appearance as well as in design. The latest models now being turned out have lower and roomier bodies, deeper radiators, smaller wheels with larger hubs and wider rims, larger tyres and mudguards, rustless steel radiator shell, head-lamps, hub caps, etc., and new colours have been adopted. The front of the car has been entirely remodelled, the new radiator being 2 in. higher and $1\frac{5}{8}$ in. narrower. The utilisation of rustless steel for the bright parts of the car is something quite new, and it cannot be denied that in appearance it is very attractive. As it cannot rust, corrode, or tarnish, its brilliant finish is almost everlasting.



INCARNATING THE MERITS OF BRITAIN: A 25-h.p. 6-cylinder Sunbeam with a seven-seater Weymann limousine body of exquisite design

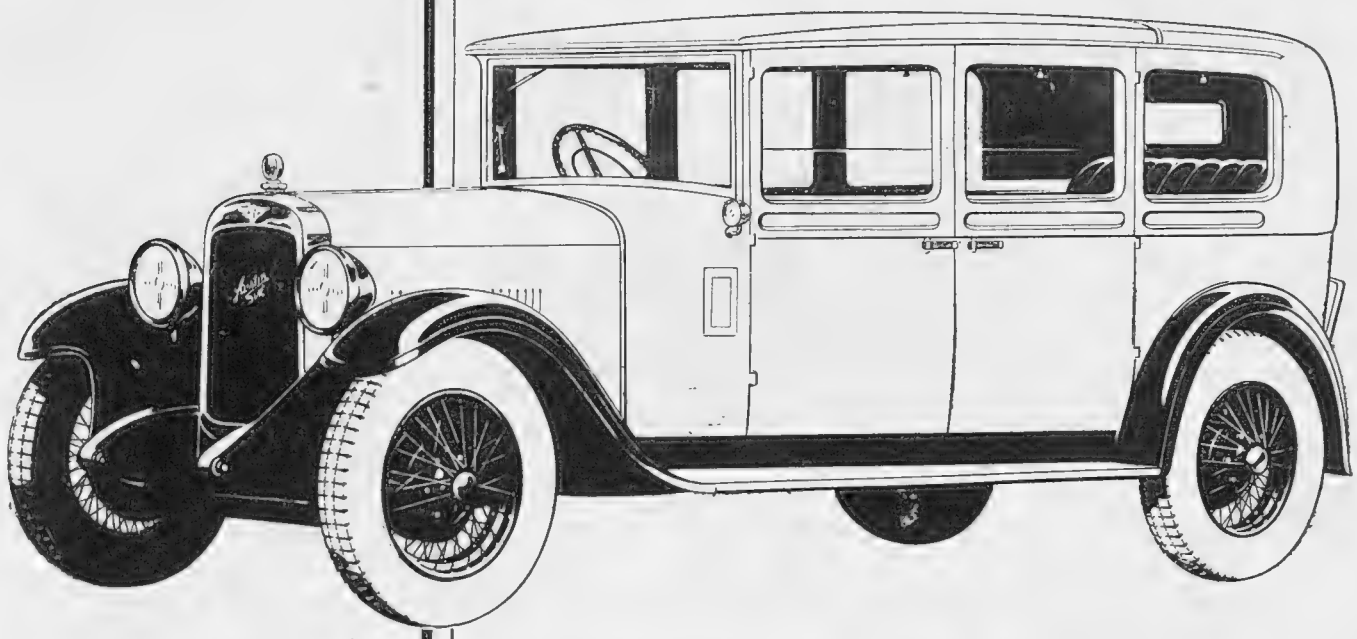
A very fine selection of these new Fords can be inspected at the company's new showrooms in Regent Street, and even if no cars were staged here visitors would still find much to interest them in the decorations of these new premises.



"The hooting herd winds smoothly o'er the lea.
The "Hillmen" homeward streak their silent way!"

A fleet of various Hillman models leaves Windsor. (With apologies to Thomas Gray!)

A S · D E P E N D A B L E · A S · A N · A U S T I N



"19,683 miles since last decarbonising — still averaging over 40 miles per hour!"

Owner Report No. 312; Car No. 1798; Engine No. E6 pl 1856.6; Registered No. P.G. 49; Delivery Date June 1929.*

Austin owners are few and far between whose cars are not giving satisfaction beyond what they had expected. Here is the observation of an owner of an Austin "Twenty" whose car is in constant daily use: Since last the engine was decarbonised, the car has covered 19,683 miles.

Further—the engine shows no sign of needing decarbonisation. In fact, the owner says, "*it pulls better than ever and the car, a heavy limousine, averages forty miles per hour on long cross country runs.*"

No sign of stress or engine reluctance are apparent even when, after a prolonged run, the car is given maximum throttle. The engine responds immediately, gallantly.

This is what is meant by Austin dependability.

Nor is Austin performance of this calibre cited as unusual or exceptional. It is typical of what Austin owners may expect — and obtain. For Austin's exacting precision in manufacture ensures a degree of uniformity which is almost uncanny. In short—to own an Austin of whatever type, means to possess the most dependable car in its respective class.

See your nearest Austin dealer and arrange to drive an Austin yourself, or 'phone, and a demonstration car will be brought to your door, without the slightest obligation on your part.

**Remember. This is an Austin owner's experience. No specially made tests are published in this series of reports.*

The "Twenty" Ranelagh Limousine

As Illustrated

£630

Six-cylinder. 20 h.p. Seats seven persons. The adjustable screen behind driver's seat enables the car to be owner or chauffeur driven. Upholstery is in leather, furniture hide or moquette. Equipment includes 'Biflex' magnetically operated dip and switch headlights, luggage carrier, Triplex glass, chromium plating, Dunlop tyres.

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Marlborough Landaulet	**£560**
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Fabric Saloon (with division)	**£630**

(*Sliding Sunshine Roof £10 extra.)

READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE 4d. every month.

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The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

PORTRAITS in OIL and VINEGAR

(*Continued from p. 232*)

The bullet-headed "sergeant-major" look. The great fierce Kalmuck moustache. The broad, thin shoulders. The deep smile. The pleasant Russian tongue with its echoes of all others. All these things make Maxim Gorki one of the few really *human* creative writers. For art, make no mistake about it, is un-human, sometimes nearly demoniacal! It demands all. It often gives nothing.

The man with the quiet inset smile in the eyes—grey or blue, which? The high forehead. The softness of contour and expression. The absolute detachment from life. That man is Galsworthy — novelist rather than playwright.

He is one of the dozen novelists of our day who may live a hundred years, his "Forsyte Saga" series is one of the monuments of the middle-class of our generation.

He is the man who has mastered the secret of producing creative work without passion, which is at once his weakness and his strength. He is recorder rather than creator. And his plays, sometimes good honest-to-God plays, are, however, no more than that. For though he has technique, he has no real sense of the stage.

You cannot write drama without living it.

It is but a ghost who passes on behind all those others, for he has already passed out of the flesh.

D. H. Lawrence was one of the half-dozen English novelists who mattered. He had the most delicate and elusive mind in modern letters—but he was not "modern." Like all great men, he belonged to no period. He was pagan, not Christian.

His way of *living* may have been repellent: his way of *writing* about life was altogether stimulating and exquisite.

He was of course an artist-philosopher. He did not dominate sex. Sex dominated him.

But spirits like D. H. Lawrence never die. They are immortal. But they only achieve immortality as they achieve their own understanding, at the price of death.

The old Irish called death "the path to glory." It is.

LIONS of the SEA

Sail is Vital for the Training of Sailors

There has recently been formed in London a committee, consisting of business men and seamen, to acquire either by purchase or by building, a sea-going sailing-ship for the purpose of training officers and men for the service of the sea. It is a sad reflection on the maritime supremacy of this country that we are behind all other nations in the matter of training the sea-loving youth of the nation for that service upon which this Empire depends for its existence—the Merchant Service—and it

THREE GENERATIONS IN A LIFEBOAT: The Hythe motor-lifeboat "City of Nottingham" and representatives of three generations of one family—the Griggs's—are in the boat—former cox, present cox, and engineer

is hoped by this committee that such training shall be made available before the officers and men competent to handle sailing-ships have faded from existence, and if the effort now being made fails in its object we must abandon forever the traditional methods of training seamen.

Among men of the sea, of both the Royal and Merchant Navies, opinion as to the method of training our future officers and men for what Joseph Conrad called "the austere servitude of the sea" is divided, but it may be accepted, judging from a recent representative meeting of seamen held in London, that the preponderance of opinion favours training in sail; at that meeting, numbering some two hundred, there was only one voice raised in opposition, so it may be taken for granted that there is reason on the side of those who advocate the time-honoured method of making seamen.

It is not with the method of propulsion that this subject is mainly concerned; whatever knowledge of handling the ship under sail a youth will acquire while undergoing training he will cast aside the moment that he steps on board a modern steam- or motor-vessel, but he will have acquired the qualities of reliance, resource, initiative, and fearlessness, and in addition he will have imbibed the ancient lore of the sea, that lore which has fashioned all those seamen who have contributed to the building of the British Empire, and those seamen of other nations who, in their own spheres, have added to the geographical knowledge of the inhabitants of this globe.

The value of sail training is endorsed by Earl Jellicoe, himself the son of a merchant seaman, who spent his early years under sail; in the foreword to a recently published book the Admiral remarks:

> "Anyone reading these pages will find it difficult to disagree with the conclusions set forth by the author as to the value of sailing-ship training for officers and men of the Royal and Merchant Navies of the future, conclusions which I share."

Assuming the value of sail training to be admitted, opponents of the scheme just mentioned advance the argument that it is not an economical proposition; that argument is admitted, for the committee is aware that there will be no financial dividends accruing from the venture, but so long as sufficient funds are available to enable the scheme to pay its way, dividends will manifest themselves in the number of trained officers and men that will be absorbed into the Merchant Navy of this country, greatly to its improvement.

The prime advantages of sail-training may be resumed in a few words; the young seaman should, in the course of his training, spend many days together at sea in close contact with the great natural elements of sea and weather, contact which enriches the individual with confidence and sound judgment, and which it is impossible to experience in the modern steamship; life in a sailing-ship not only develops character but also physique, and it has the further advantage of eliminating the unfit. Once the ship is at sea, either on passage or cruising, the young seaman will be enabled, under proper supervision by qualified instructors and free from all extraneous influence, to settle down to the undisturbed study, both practical and theoretical, of his chosen profession. Two years at least of such training, and then a continuation of training for a further two years in a steam- or motor-ship, would undoubtedly be the ideal training for those officers who are destined to spend the greater part of their lives in that service upon which the prosperity and the existence of this Empire depend.

F. G. C

HOLIDAYS

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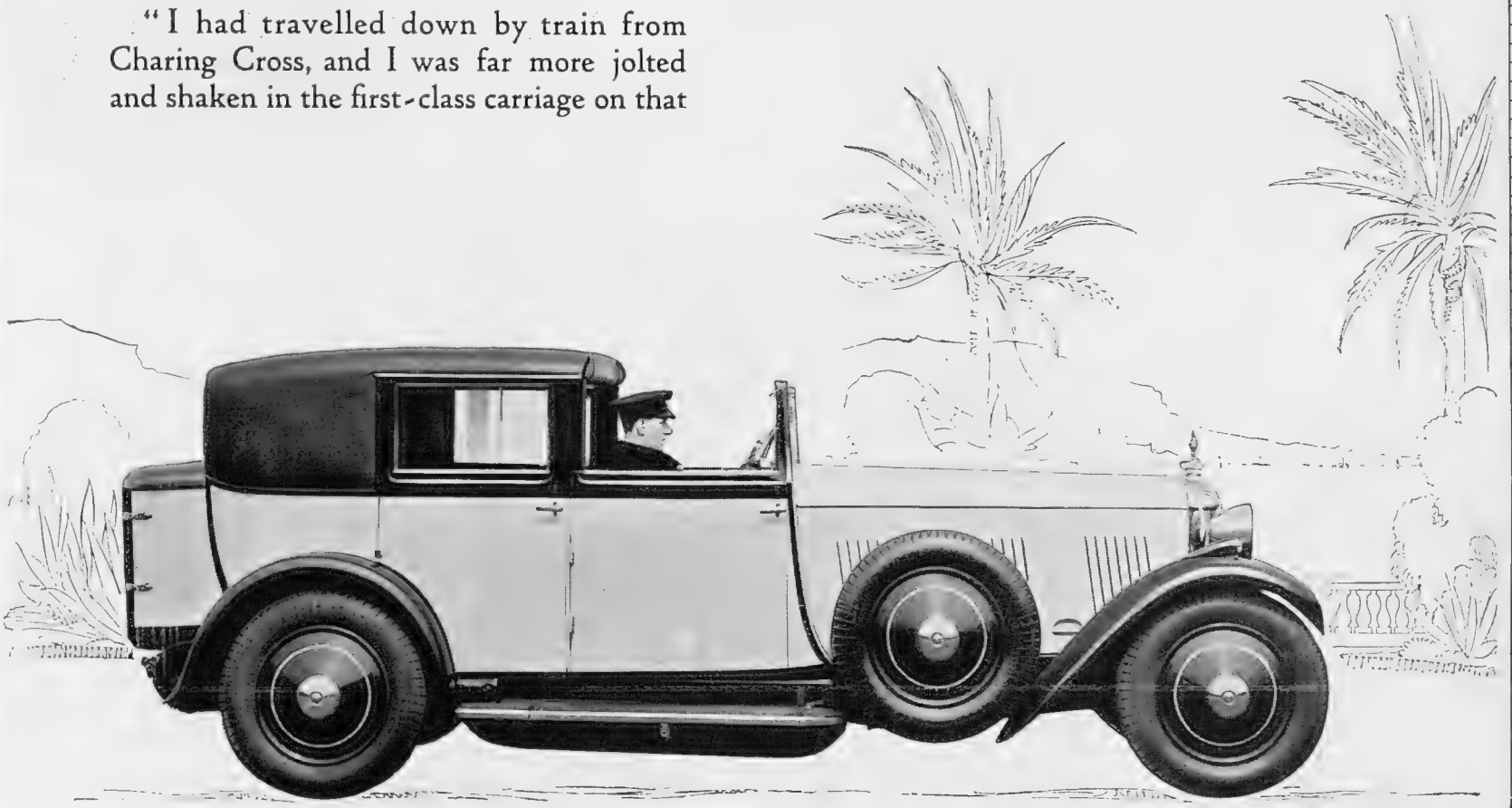
The Daimler "Double-Six" is the ideal engine for the high-powered luxury car.

"I had travelled down by train from Charing Cross, and I was far more jolted and shaken in the first-class carriage on that journey than when speeding along in this Double-Six Daimler at 50 miles an hour on the road. In fact, the car ran so smoothly at all speeds that the passengers were not shaken or jarred at all. Travelling by cars such as this multi-cylinder Daimler saves time, as this mode of transport is actually faster than the train from door to door."

—*Illustrated London News.*



This handsome Hooper Sedanca body on a Daimler Double-Six "Thirty" chassis, which was entered in the Concours d'Elegance at Monte Carlo recently by Mr. Joseph A. Mackle, Managing Director of Stratton-Instone Ltd., gained the special Grand Prix for its class. The attractive lines and general appearance of this car were highly commended by the judges.

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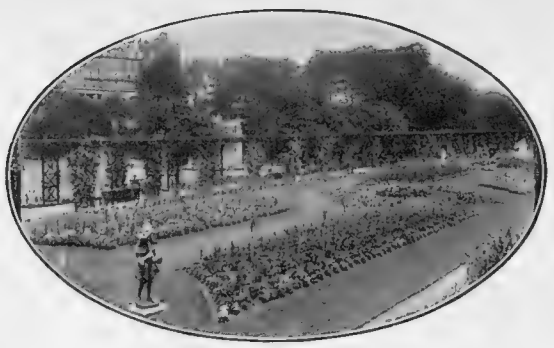


THE ROYAL GARDENS: This spacious and gracious pleasaunce strikes the tonic note of all Harrogate

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

Beautiful

By HEREWARD

Few English spas can compare with Harrogate for beauty of situation and charm of surroundings, set as it is in a countryside of wide-stretching gorse and heather-clad moors and fells and crags and purling streams.

Not only is Harrogate a delightful holiday town, but it is also a noted spa, with a world-wide reputation for its waters and baths. It is said indeed that Harrogate, with the possible exception of a place in New Zealand, has the largest number of natural mineral waters of any spa in the world.

It is so easily reached from London, and in fact all parts of the United Kingdom, that you can run up to Harrogate, even for a week-end, with ease and comfort. It is also one of the beauty spots of England, and a very favourite holiday resort with both young and old, with those who are well as well as those who need a cure. Few places are better centres for motoring and walking tours to some of the most charming beauty spots in the northern parts of the kingdom; and as a residential place it is second to none, because of its bracing climate, its pure water supply, its perfect sanitation, and charmingly planned streets. Harrogate is in every sense a thoroughly up-to-date health resort, with fine shops which not only supply its needs, but also those of a wide district in the immediate vicinity.

High above sea-level the town is placed on the edge of the Yorkshire moors and has a great advantage in the purity of the air which comes to it across them, and the town itself immediately strikes one as being very beautiful by reason of the open spaces and the natural beauty of the upper portions.

Proud as Harrogate is of its natural beauty, it also prides itself considerably on the charm of its streets and parks, and in the Royal Baths it possesses a really palatial bathing establishment containing the most up-to-date equipment for treatments for which the Harrogate waters are successfully used. A staff of over two hundred persons is needed in the baths and wells department; and the different treatments available are nearly one hundred in number, and are administered by a specially trained staff of certificated male and women nurses and attendants under the control of a medical staff possessed of the highest possible qualifications.

More and more as each year passes is the old belief exploded that a spa or curative centre should be that and nothing else, and indeed a rather dull place concerned only with the ailments of hypochondriacs and invalids, and as a consequence Harrogate provides lavishly for the enjoyment and amusement of those who do not require a cure of any kind. And the invalids themselves are, as a medical authority not long ago said, greatly benefited by the brighter atmosphere with which

THE GLORY OF THE ENVIRONS: Harlow Moor, one of the least desolate of Yorkshire's "wide open spaces"

they are nowadays surrounded. Harrogate has been called "the Mecca of invalids, and the playground of those who are well."

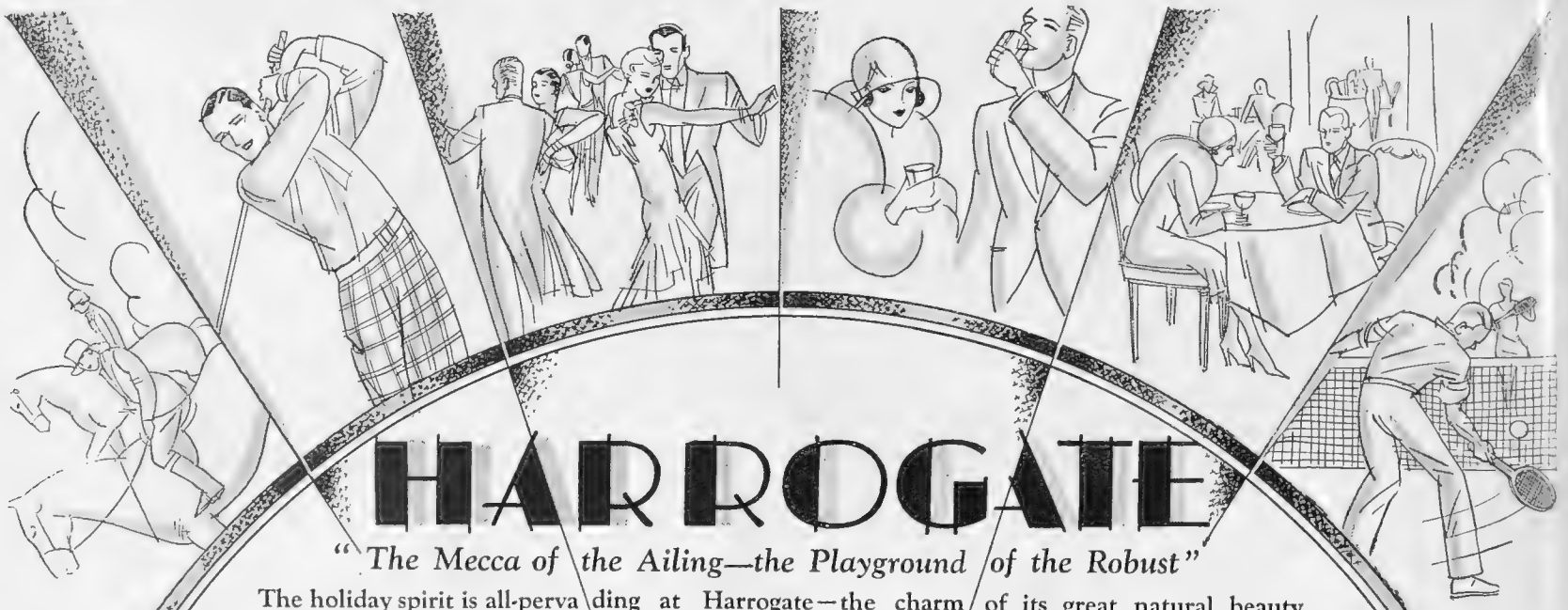
Every variety of sport, amusement, and entertainment is provided, and here one can enjoy golf, tennis, bowls, swimming, riding, bathing, fishing, and shooting, as well as open-air concerts, well-appointed cafés, dances, cinemas, and theatrical performances, with all the other amenities of an up-to-date holiday resort.

Then fine hotels and well-appointed boarding-houses make a stay, whether it be long or short, enjoyable, and most of these establishments provide amusements of one kind or another for their patrons.

At special seasons such as Easter and Whitsuntide there are additional attractions provided, and indeed, the Harrogate hotels and boarding establishments are very bright places at which to stay, and are generally crowded at these seasons and also in the summer with young as well as older people.

The Harrogate Corporation has done its duty to the beautiful town it governs in the way it provides for the needs and enjoyment of visitors. First of all there is the Royal Hall, which may be claimed as one of the finest concert halls in the northern counties. And here a municipal orchestra of a very high class, consisting of some forty performers, plays each evening during the season, and in addition to an unusually well-chosen musical programme there are frequent appearances on the stage of well-known singers, musicians, and variety artistes; while the weekly symphony concerts which take place in the same hall draw musically inclined people from all parts of the West Riding of Yorkshire. Music, indeed, is to be heard even before breakfast, for during the "water drinking" hour which precedes the first meal of the day an orchestra plays in the Crescent Gardens opposite the "Old Sulphur Well," and towards midday a bijou orchestra plays in the grounds of the Winter Gardens, and the bright and pleasant Valley Gardens are crowded with visitors listening to the

A CORNER OF THE STRAY: A typical view of the spa with more springs than any, save one, in the world



HARROGATE

"The Mecca of the Ailing—the Playground of the Robust"

The holiday spirit is all-pervading at Harrogate—the charm of its great natural beauty and the invigorating quality of the moorland air alone inspire visitors to cheerfulness and contentment. Harrogate knows even better than 'pro-continental spa' critics that for recuperation of health, pleasant companionship, good music and entertainment and a wealth of every kind of sport are essential—and sees to it that all these features are really first-class.

In addition, Harrogate knows that, to be effective, the Cure must be administered under the most modern conditions of efficiency and cleanliness and that the staff must be specialists at their work. *All the staff at Harrogate Royal Baths are medically trained and certificated*—it is not so at Continental Spas. So, if you want to get fit COME TO HARROGATE.

Middle-aged people particularly would be well advised to get the maximum benefit from their holiday by taking the cure at Harrogate at the same time. It is well worth while and can be done very reasonably.

COMING EVENT:
HARROGATE HARD-COURT TENNIS TOURNAMENT
May 7—10

Harrogate possesses eighty-eight different natural mineral waters—more than the whole of the Continental Spas put together. A large number of life's ills are amenable to Harrogate's sulphur waters.

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Take a note to write for New Illustrated Brochure No. 9, to F. J. C. Broome, Spa Manager, Harrogate.

BRITISH HOLIDAY RESORTS

Harrogate

HASTINGS

concert provided by the Municipal Orchestra, or having afternoon tea while doing so in the picturesque Japanese tea-house hard by.

The Royal Baths Promenade is a delightful place where one can meet one's friends and often unexpectedly come across acquaintances who are, in the common phrase, "the last person one would expect to see." Then there are the Royal Hall Gardens, which, with beautiful flower-beds and well-kept lawns dotted with statuary, are a place of colour and a delight to the eye.

Harrogate does not, happily, impress the visitor who is well as being a town of sick people. On the contrary, either the sick people make their cures very rapidly and decide to remain in the town as evidence of its efficacy, or they enjoy the pretence of being cured, for most people in Harrogate seem to be cheerful, and the vast majority are undoubtedly active. It is difficult to obtain a tennis court, although these are numerous, and the dances at hotels, cafés, and elsewhere seem to be always crowded, and the golf course is the same.

One meets quite a gay throng of happy holiday-makers in the bright and bustling Prospect Square, which seems to act, indeed, as a favourite rendezvous for most visitors, and the well-kept flower-beds and general air of careful planning of this spot is delightful.

Harrogate to its other attractions adds that of a fine Opera House, where most of the best touring and other companies appear during the year; and its cinemas and theatre are known for their selection of the most up-to-date and artistic films and performances. Harrogate, too, can boast an unusual number of excellent cafés, at most of which, in the afternoon, orchestras play, and where one can meet one's friends and in some of them indulge in a *thé dansant*.

Golfers find the town a paradise, for there are three courses, the Pannal, Starbeck, and Oakdale, where Sunday play is permitted, and all of them are easily reached.

Fishermen will not be disappointed in Harrogate, for in the neighbourhood there is good trout and coarse fishing available, while at Weatherby and Knaresborough, on the Wharfe and Nidd respectively, there is good boating to be had amidst beautiful scenery.

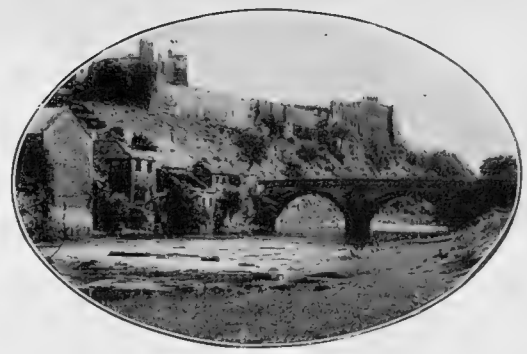
Drawn by Joseph Pike.

TRANSITIONAL NORMAN: The ruins of ancient Byland Abbey—a glory of the North Riding

RUIN OF THE WEST RIDING: Bolton Abbey, set in archaic splendour upon the River Wharfe

It is said that within easy reach of Harrogate there are more than half a hundred famous country seats, and many ancient castle ruins, and spots on which during the centuries battles have been fought, Roman camps, and more than fifty monastic ruins. All these "show places" have the advantage of being set in a countryside and amidst surroundings of extraordinary beauty.

Indeed, some of the loveliest of Yorkshire scenery lies quite close around Harrogate itself, and there are motor services which will take one to a favourite spot from which a pleasant walk may be taken. Here are a few places which one should visit: there is, first of all, beautiful Fountain's Abbey, the stately ruins of a Cistercian monastery charmingly situated upon the River Skell, with its great perpendicular tower backed by trees



DOMINATING THE LANDSCAPE: Richmond Castle, which no visitor to Harrogate should miss

and surrounded by wonderfully smooth turf which always charms the visitor. Then quite close is Fountain's Hall, one of the finest and most beautiful Jacobean houses in the north of England. Easily reached from Harrogate is lovely Rievaulx Abbey in Ryedale, still beautiful and with many of its architectural features almost uninjured, although it has no roof and its windows are bare of glass. This roofless fragment of a great monastic church can take rank with beautiful Tintern, and even Fountain's itself.

Then there is lovely Byland Abbey, where on an autumn day in 1322 Edward II's army, during its retreat from Scotland on its march southward, and harassed by its Scottish pursuers, was obliged to make a stand. On the high ground there is a place called Scot's Corner, and it is probably here that the fight took place. Here the English forces were heavily defeated. Tradition says that the King was dining with the Abbot of Byland when the news of the disaster was brought to him, and that he only had time to jump on his horse and flee southward when the Scots came to the Abbey doors and in the Monarch's abandoned baggage found the royal jewels and other valuable loot.

The opportunity should also certainly be taken of visiting Bolton Abbey, which is among the most beautiful of the ruined ecclesiastical foundations of the West Riding. The monks of old knew what beauty of scenery was, and in choosing this spot upon the River Wharfe and on one of its most lovely stretches, and not far from the famous gorge known as the Strid, showed their wisdom and passion for beauty.

Finely situated Richmond Castle, with the town huddling round the skirts of the venerable pile, provides an interesting excursion, and Brimham Rocks should also be visited. A tour of Wharfedale is sheer delight, and the valley increases in beauty as one traverses it.

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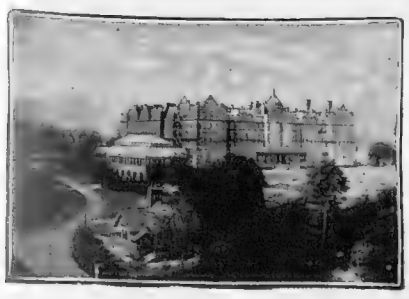

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THE SPHERE

British Holiday Resorts: The

The West Country has long been a district much favoured by holiday-makers, and small wonder, for on its coast-line and in its beautiful countryside Nature has placed such a galaxy of beautiful towns and picturesque villages that a choice of these as holiday resorts is always a difficult one. There are so many places with distinctive features and many attractions, and inland the beauties and historic interest of the countryside are great. These characteristics ensure that the tastes of all holiday-makers can be suited, and Devon and Cornwall bring not only health by their fine air and loveliness but leave pleasant holiday memories behind that last long, and indeed are seldom entirely effaced.

THE TOWN OF THE HOE: Plymouth, whose distinctive and famous feature is seen above

Plymouth is one of the great towns of the West Country, magnificently situated upon the historic Sound and surrounded by a countryside which for beauty and interest is almost unrivalled by that of any part of the kingdom. Perhaps the chief lure of this great port is its history, and the memories of the spacious days of Elizabeth, and of the seamen who carried the English flag across uncharted seas, and discovered and conquered till then unknown lands. It was in those days that Drake and his companions played bowls on Plymouth Hoe while awaiting the arrival of the Spanish Armada. Plymouth was then comparatively a small place but still in a sense a great port.

It has to-day grown until it covers a great area overlooking Drake's Island and the incomparable Sound, which with its ever-changing life of the going and coming of shipping provides so great an attraction to most holiday-makers. But Plymouth is not merely a big town, it has many attractions as a holiday resort and as a centre from which to explore the beautiful coast-line, either by steamers which run to various beauty spots or by launch or boat, as the fancy takes one.

It is difficult to over-praise the beauty of Torquay, one of the most lovely of fair Devon's resorts. No town in the British Isles is so like a Riviera beauty-spot as is Torquay, built, with its white villas and fine hotels, upon the hillside overlooking an incomparable bay and set amid foliage of a sub-tropical luxuriance.

In climate, too, in spring and early summer and in winter it has much in common with the Riviera. Of course it is a yachtsman's paradise with its pleasant harbour and beautiful bay. It has, however, two climates, for the suburbs of Babbacombe and Oddicombe not only provide a change of environment and are quite different in character to the town itself, but have a more bracing air for those who prefer this. They are charming suburbs of a quieter type than Torquay itself, and with delightful bathing beaches.

Seen from the water Torquay presents, on a sunny day, a most delightful picture, with its green foliage and terraced walks, delightful roads, and picturesque and pleasant gardens. To these natural attractions has recently been added a fine Marine Drive, nearly a mile-and-a-half in length, entered from the Ilsham Valley and following the beautiful coast-line.

QUEEN OF THE SOUTH: Oddicombe Beach, Torquay—the Monte Carlo of England's Riviera

Then, of course, Torquay is a well-known spa, with the most up-to-date equipment for the treatment and alleviation of complaints, especially those arising from or connected with gout, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, asthma, catarrh, etc.

There is a fine installation of electrical and medical baths, and the large, tepid, salt-water swimming pool is a great attraction.

In addition to outdoor amusements of all kinds, including of course golf and tennis, there is good hunting in the immediate neighbourhood, excellent excursions

TORQUAY

BRITAIN'S FAVOURITE HOLIDAY RESORT

℄ Every possible facility for outdoor recreation and indoor entertainment. Municipal Orchestra — World's Best Vocalists and Instrumentalists.

℄ Tennis and Golf in exquisite surroundings. First-class Hotels and innumerable Private Hotels and Boarding Houses, with reasonable winter tariffs.

Official Guide free on application to J. M. SCOTT, O.P.S. Dept., Torquay.

The "TORBAY EXPRESS" leaves Paddington (G.W.R.) each week-day at 12 noon. Pullman Car Express leaves Paddington at 11 a.m. Mons., Fris., and Sats. Fares, 7/6 First Class, and 5/- Third Class over ordinary, tourist and week-end fares. Express Train Services from the principal Provincial centres.

OF TRAVEL

Delights of Devon and Cornwall

for motorists, and for indoor amusements the town is famed. There is a fine pavilion, where first-class theatrical touring companies perform, and in the beautiful ball-room at the baths frequent dances are held, while several of the hotels and cafés provide *thés dansants*. And of course there are cinemas, concerts, and other forms of amusement.

Altogether Torquay is a most desirable resort to visit at any season of the year, the loveliness of which enchants all who come to it.

Newquay, on the North Cornwall coast, presents a great contrast. Once a small fishing hamlet—and that not so long ago—it has of quite recent years been developed until to-day it is one of the most popular and charming resorts along the coast.

Cornwall has always had for holiday-makers a lure which, when one knows the country of King Arthur and his Knights, can well be understood. No part of England possesses greater charm of scenery, quaintness, and interest than does the county of Cornwall, which stretches out its long and narrow peninsula to meet the Atlantic Ocean. Right from the borders of Devon itself on the south coast to those of the same county on the north lie scattered such a galaxy of large and small beauty spots and holiday resorts that choice is indeed difficult. We will deal with a few of the lesser-known, because the more popular are so greatly frequented that, like good wine, they in reality need no "bush."

Just over the Devon border one comes across the quaint and pleasant village of St. Germans lying on a creek of the Lynher Estuary. Its church is claimed to be the most famous in Cornwall, which is saying a great deal. And here and in the neighbourhood round about are many places of historic and other interest. Golfers are finding St. Germans out, and holiday-makers are also getting to know Whitsand Bay with its fine sands and excellent bathing and the charm of a quiet holiday hereabouts.

Penzance has only of comparatively recent years made good its claim to being considered a first-class holiday resort, but to-day it is more and more visited. It stands overlooking the magnificent expanse of Mount's Bay, and enjoys a climate that is very exceptional. In its Morrab Gardens, on the sea front, are to be found sub-tropical and exotic plants and trees flourishing in the open and quite unprotected. In the spring and summer it is a bright and cheery town with good bathing to be had on a beach of firm shingle, and, of course, plenty of boating. A fine promenade has been made along the sea front, at the end of which is a café with a roof garden, and there are tennis-courts and a bowling-green close by. The new Winter Gardens form a pleasant resort for visitors, and there is a marine walk stretching the whole length of the gardens and skirting the sea. Golfers

ENYS DODMAN: "The island with soil on it," pierced by a natural archway 40 ft. high

will find the course near St. Just a sporting one, easily reached by motor-buses, and from it there are extraordinarily fine views.

On the north coast there is beautiful and quiet Bude, with its wonderful air and sands, and Atlantic rollers which make "surf"-bathing popular. There is, too, near-by a lovely countryside with historic associations and interesting places, and the charming Bude Canal upon which boating is so popular.

Going right up the coast into St. Ives Bay one finds Carbis Bay, a rising resort with a beautiful climate and fine sands.

St. Ives has a double claim, that of its picturesque fishing harbour and of its attractions as a holiday resort. Porthminster beach is one of the finest in Cornwall.

ON THE NORTH COAST OF CORNWALL: A general view of Newquay — a deservedly popular resort

MAKE NEWQUAY YOUR HOLIDAY RESORT

Enjoy the invigorating climate, entrancing scenery, wonderful sands, and the many other amenities which are offered at this POPULAR CORNISH RESORT.

Abundant facilities for every kind of sport, including :—

TENNIS BOATING
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Illustrated Guide from the TOWN CLERK, NEWQUAY (11)

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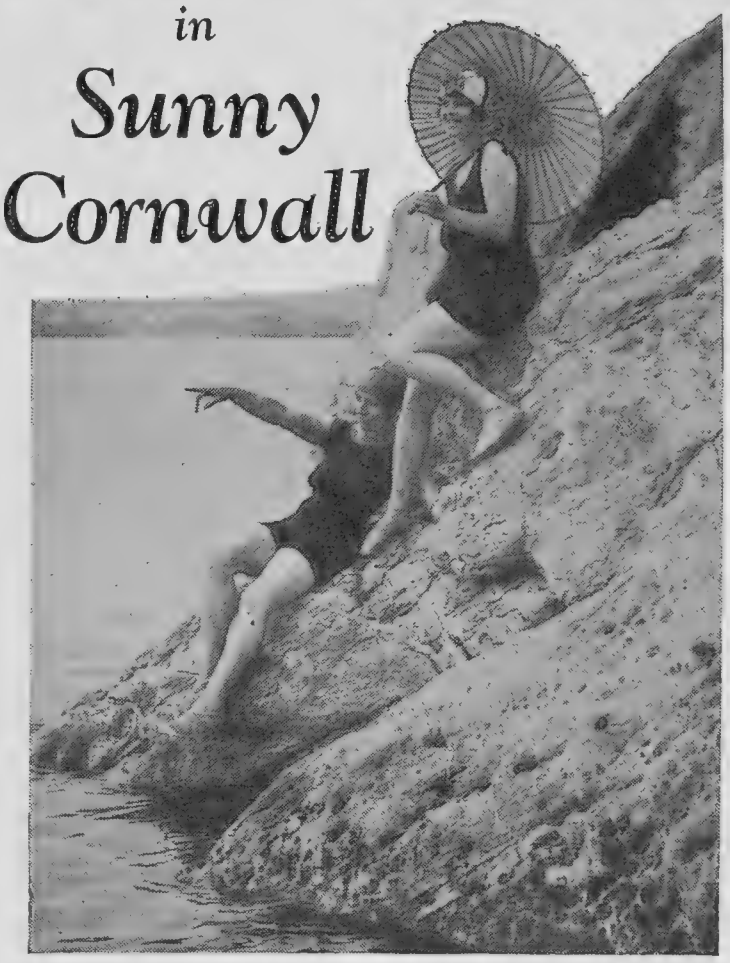
Earlier Holidays in Sunny Cornwall



CORNWALL—land of beauty and romance—possesses an extraordinarily equable climate and offers to the early holiday-maker unrivalled outdoor recreation.

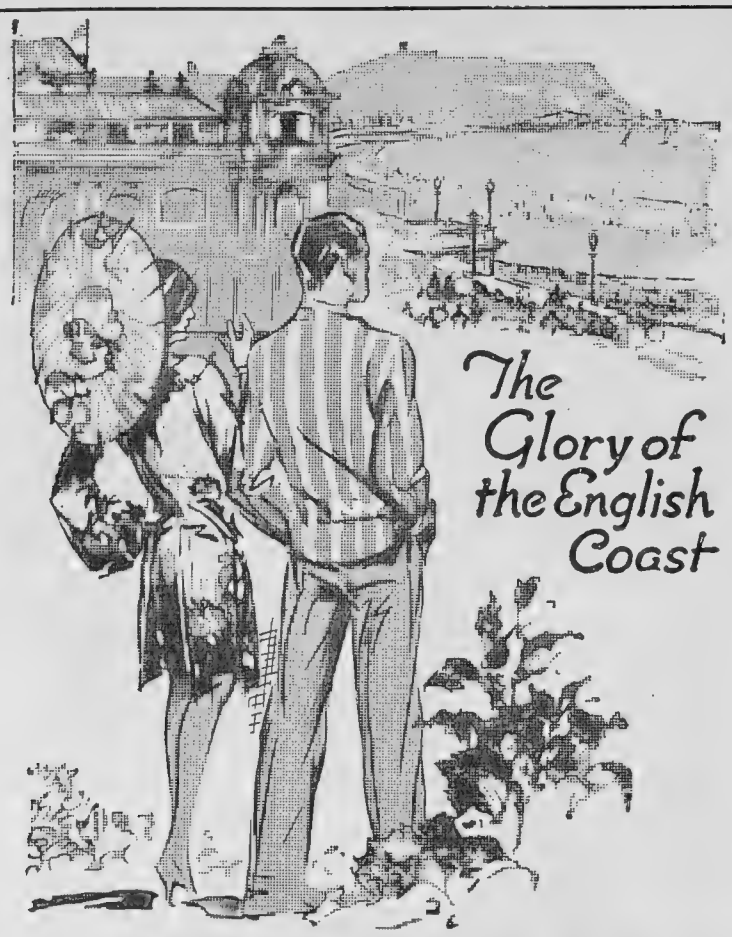
Charming at all seasons, but best, perhaps, in the early part of the year, when a wealth of colour is to be found in its flowers, seas and skies. Add to this the old-world simplicity of its wonderful fishing havens, and an ideal region is presented to those in search of health, recreation, and rest.

Decide upon a real holiday in this favoured county for the best Britain has to offer.

Accommodation should be booked at once. "HOLIDAY HAUNTS — 1930," the famous G.W.R. Guide, will help you. 6d. at G.W.R. Stations, Offices, Agencies and leading Booksellers throughout the country or by post from the Superintendent of the Line, G.W.R., Paddington Station, W. 2.

All information of Train Services, Tourist and Excursion Facilities, &c., at G.W.R. Stations and Offices.

JAMES MILNE, General Manager.



The Glory of the English Coast

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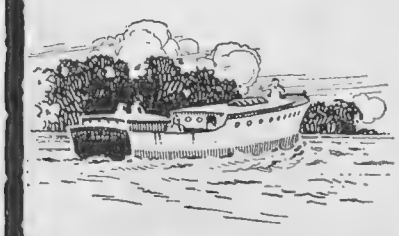

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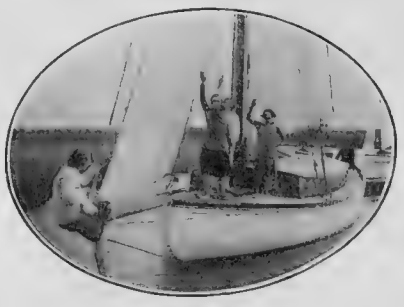
THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

The Broads and the East Coast

Broadland holidays, which are in reality a continuous picnic upon the delightful expanses of the inland waterways of Norfolk, are yearly becoming more and more popular. Indeed to-day the Norfolk Broads and the 200 miles of waterways they comprise have become not only a recognized but one of the most popular holiday districts of England.



THE OPEN-AIR LIFE: A joyous group on the Norfolk Broads

The Broads themselves form quite a unique feature of English scenery. Their two chief characteristics are their loveliness and restfulness, and the scenery that they present is much more varied than most people assume. For all who love winding rivers, linking up vast expanses of lake-like waters, starred with lilies and environed by flower-bedecked meadows, the Broads will exercise an irresistible fascination. They are easily reached from all parts of England, and on the Broads those who wish to get rest from the strain and stress of city life will find just what they need.

ESPECIALLY FOR CHILDREN: The paddling pool, Cleethorpes

The Coast Resorts of Lincolnshire have in the past been somewhat neglected by the general holiday-maker from other parts of England, although they have of course been well known and well patronised by East Anglians and people from the Midlands. The chief natural features of Lincolnshire are the wide, sandy beaches of its seashore, its fens, and wolds.

Of coast resorts Cleethorpes, with its fine sea, promenade, pier, and level stretches of bathing beach, its gardens skirting the shore, and its bracing air, has many claims upon holiday-makers. Quite close to Grimsby, it has only recently been developed, and is now a very attractive resort, with a splendid programme in the season of holiday entertainments, excursions, and all facilities for games and sports of every kind. The bathing is excellent.

Skegness, too, should not be forgotten, with its wonderful expanse of sand, its bracing air and bright and cheerful seaside life. Here, too, all the usual outdoor games and recreations can be indulged in, and there is good accommodation for all classes of visitors. The sea front with its three good promenades, its pier, and broad expanse of level sands, so firm that motor speed trials have been held on them, are indeed attractions. It has a new bathing-pool, and charming rock gardens with miniature lakes and delightful arbours and cosy corners.

A PLACE OF FISH: Grimsby, whose docks are very picturesque

Inland one finds Woodhall Spa, known long as a health resort and of recent years greatly developed as a holiday resort also. It is an excellent centre from which to make interesting excursions, and the spa, with its saline waters of great curative merits is resorted to by invalids in yearly increasing numbers. There are fine pine-woods and the spa and pump-room are well-equipped establishments; and of course all the usual out-door amusements are provided which serve to make a holiday enjoyable.

Farther down on the east coast in Essex is a watering-place which has been planned and built on modern lines and with a definite view to the needs of holiday-makers. Clacton is noted for its mild and equable climate, arising from its position, facing towards the south, but is in summer distinguished by the freshness of its air coming across the North Sea. It is also noted for its sunshine and general brightness. The beach is a good one, and all along the low cliffs, on which are situated some of the best of the hotels, have been constructed pleasant walks and promenades, leading down to the beach, well provided with shelters.

The chief outdoor amusements are fishing, sailing, golf, and tennis, while indoor recreations are provided by military bands and concert parties, a theatre, cinemas, and facilities for dancing.

SOMETHING UNIQUE in TRAVEL for 1930 ! ! !

LAND CRUISES

EVERY MONDAY, May 5 to Sept. 22, 1930.

FIRST-CLASS RAIL AND ROAD TOURS of

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THREE ITINERARIES.

1. Oxford, Gloucester, Wye Valley, Hereford, Cambrian Coast, Vale of Llangollen, Shrewsbury, Shakespeare's Country, etc.
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6 Days 12 Guineas.

A representative of the Great Western Railway will accompany each tour to supervise the arrangements.

FIRST-CLASS RAIL, MOTOR COACHES, HOTEL ACCOMMODATION, Etc., Etc.

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JAMES MILNE, *General Manager*, GWR *Paddington Station, London, W. 2.*

BRITISH HOLIDAY RESORTS

a Midland Spa, and Fair Jersey

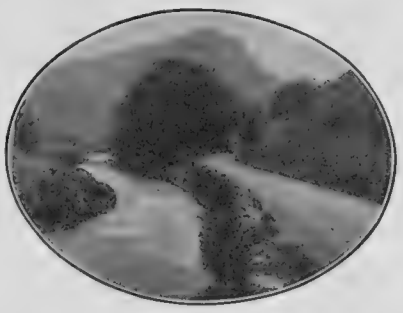
Everyone, we think, must have heard of Scarborough, for almost everywhere we go, on the Continent or elsewhere, we find people who know of or have visited what is not inaptly termed the "Queen of Watering Places," and have found the gay, brilliant life of the town very enjoyable and alluring.

Situated on the Yorkshire coast, it has the distinction of possessing two bays, divided by a striking promontory upon which stands its historic castle and around the skirts of which lies its picturesque fishing harbour. Both the North and South Bays possess wonderful sands, and the bathing at Scarborough is not only excellent but so well organized, with its fine enclosed swimming pool and diving stages, as to be continental in character. Scarborough can offer two climates to

AT A LINCOLNSHIRE SPA: The golf course at Woodhall Spa

holiday-makers, that of the South Bay, which is sheltered, and that of the North, which is more bracing. From its position between the Yorkshire moors and the sea, and the charming setting given to the town by its parks and gardens and open spaces, Scarborough can challenge comparison with any resort in the kingdom. As regards accommodation for visitors Scarborough leaves nothing to be desired, for it is a resort of fine hotels, excellent boarding-houses, and other up-to-date accommodation for those who prefer private apartments.

In Buxton, Derbyshire possesses a far-famed health resort. Known from Roman times, Buxton has a long history as a cure station. Here one finds those radio-active waters which are so essential in the cure of rheumatism and its allied complaints. But Buxton does not rely alone on its waters, famous as these are, for it has a magnificent and bracing air coming to it



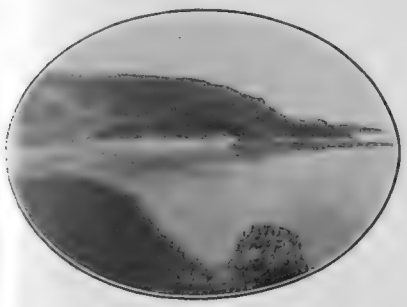
TOPLEY PIKE: One of Buxton's most beautiful environs

over the moors by which it is surrounded, and lies over a thousand feet above the sea. Not the least of Buxton's charm is, of course, its wonderful situation, but it has been admirably developed as a town and holiday resort, with great open spaces and most delightful gardens.

Buxton is famous, too, for its outdoor amusements, and of these tennis, golf, and fishing in the various streams form the chief. The annual tennis tournament of course is a notable one. Indoor amusements have not been neglected, and there is a theatre, visited by first-class touring companies, cinemas, and facilities at the hotels and cafés for dancing.

THE MECCA OF THE NORTH: A panorama of Scarborough

One of Buxton's charms, however, is the fact that it is quite close to the famous Peak District of Derbyshire, which lies only a few miles to the north of the town, and there are of course the beautiful Derwent Valley and the world-famed Dovedale.



THE GREATEST OF THE CHANNEL ISLANDS: Anne Port, Jersey

Jersey, the largest of the Channel Islands, is chiefly remarkable for its sunshine, flowers, and the general charm of its scenery. The chief town, St. Helier, is a very attractive place, and here is held annually the famous Battle of Flowers. Although St. Helier and, in fact, the whole of Jersey is crowded in summer months, prices, it will be found, are very reasonable.

THERE IS NO ARGUMENT ABOUT JERSEY'S SUNSHINE RECORD

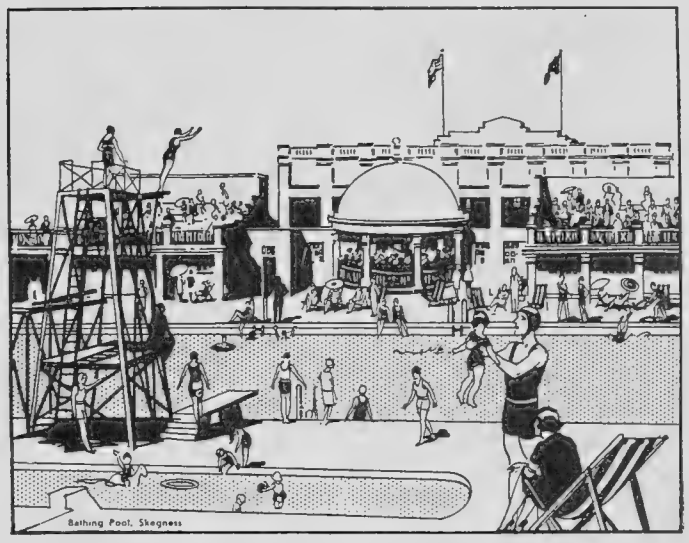
For the second year in succession, the Meteorological Office, Air Ministry, London, places

JERSEY FIRST FOR SUNSHINE

in the United Kingdom

1928 Record	- - - - - -	**2,081 hours**
1929 Record	- - - - - -	**2,084 hours**

LINCOLNSHIRE for Bracing Holidays



Lincolnshire offers a host of delights for the rest and pleasure seeker. The Coast is a veritable broadway of golden sands. Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, Mablethorpe and Cleethorpes, each a children's sand-castle paradise, will recall your youthful enthusiasm. Inland there is Woodhall Spa with its health-giving waters, the noble Lincoln Cathedral, historic villages and towns made forever famous by Tennyson, old world spots breathing the romance of Norman days . . . and other wonderful landmarks that linger long in the pleasant memories of a holiday well spent.

A holiday on "The Drier Side" where the delights of coast and country are offered—a holiday that will *brace you for months to come* . . . can you do better than decide on Lincolnshire as your holiday choice this year?

The attractions of Lincolnshire are described and illustrated in Booklet No. 2, "Eastern Counties," which may be obtained FREE from:—

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THE HOLIDAY HANDBOOK

860 pages—comprising many holiday pictures in photogravure, street plans and maps, and extensive lists of holiday accommodation. The Complete Guide to all the places of interest and seaside resorts served by the L.N.E.R. On sale at any L.N.E.R. Station, Office or Agency, or from all Booksellers and Bookstalls. Price 6D

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Nor does the Clyde lack good seaside resorts. Many of those towns dotted along its coast have little to learn about holiday entertainment.

If you know friends who have sailed on the Clyde, you will have heard how urgent is the call when summer comes round each year.

Send for these Holiday Guides!

Send remittance for the Holiday Guides you want to Divisional Passenger Commercial Superintendent, Euston Station, London, N.W.1

Clanland — The Story of the Scottish Clans — post free, 2/6d.
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Guide to Scottish Holiday Resorts (Apartments Guide) post free, 3d.

The following will be sent post free
Scottish Tours Booklet The Clyde Coast and Loch Lomond Through the Trossachs

The booklet "L M S Cheap Fares" containing an outline of the holiday fares to Scottish resorts will be sent post free.

Tourist and Period Excursion tickets throughout the season.

L M S

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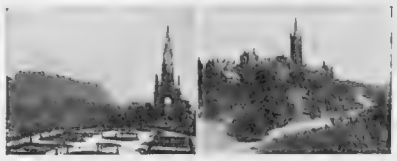
CHEAP TICKETS FOR LONG WEEK-ENDS!

You can get Return Tickets on the L M S at a single fare and one-third for long week-ends. Available from Friday to Tuesday.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

Bonnie Scotland for Holidays, and Wales too

Pages would be required—and alas, they are lacking—adequately to describe the beauties and interest of Scotland and its numberless attractions as a holiday ground. Let it suffice to say that all tastes can be suited in its Highland and Lowland resorts, its cities, towns, historic places, and mountains, moors, lakes, and glens.



METROPOLIS OF SCOTLAND: Edinburgh and Glasgow. On left is Princes Street; on right Glasgow University

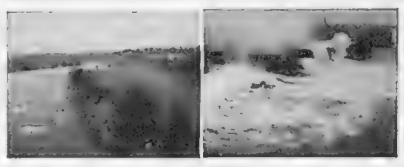
Two wonderful railway systems, the L. M. S. and L.N.E.R., take one to these by services of trains unsurpassed for speed and comfort.

Edinburgh, age-old and historic, so charming with its Castle, Palace of Holyrood, and often cloud-capped Arthur's Seat; Glasgow, with its teeming life and wonderful River Clyde; Stirling, with its grim castle and memories of sieges and battlefields; Inverness, with its far-north-ness and romantic traditions. What a choice! And the lochs and braes, and glens and bens thrown in.

At all Scottish resorts one finds the sporting and amusement side of holidays well developed. Here are a few places that may well enchain one's attention before making the final choice. Aberdeen with its fine sands, pleasure-gardens, facilities for tennis, golf of course, and wonderland of beauty in the surrounding country. Oban, right across on the west coast, with its romantic scenery.

Sound of Kerrara, green islands and nearby historic castles, fiord-like inlets of the sea, and facilities for visiting Staffa, and Iona's storied isle, and many excursions. Sea trips galore, tennis, golf, boating, bathing, fishing, shooting, and all the usual indoor amusements. Many naturally go to Oban. Then there is Dunbar on the cliffs overlooking the shores of the Firth of Forth, with its wonderful sea views, splendid bathing-pool, prettiness, and historic associations of its famous castle, now a ruin on the rocks above the tide. One must not forget Dunoon, on the Clyde, a very popular resort so easily reached from Glasgow by fine steamers, a wonderful excursion centre, and a very bright resort in summer-time.

GLORIES OF SCOTLAND: The entrance to Fingal's Cave, Staffa, and on lovely Loch Eck



WATER IN TWO MOODS: The Spey at Granton and a furious storm at Fraserburgh

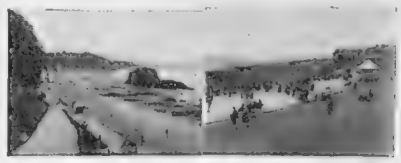
Some holiday-makers there are, and their number increases every year, who choose a district with literary, historic, and romantic associations; and Galashiels, an admirable centre from which to explore the land of Sir Walter Scott's novels, provides this need, with fine air and scenery. Fraserburgh, in Aberdeenshire, lures the golfer, for its course is famous, the sands afford admirable bathing, and other sports have not been neglected. Do you desire beautiful and varied Highland scenery? Then Granton-on-Spey is the place, with fine salmon and trout fishing and other attractions. Helensburgh is an excellent centre for the Clyde steamers for Loch Lomond and for amusements.

GAELIC MAGNIFICENCE: The ruins of St. Andrew's Cathedral; and right, Loch Coruisk, Skye

St. Andrews has become known as "The Golfers' Paradise," and deserves the name, but though "golf is the thing" it has many other attractions to offer, including tennis, bathing, boating, fishing, fine excursions, and is the seat of the oldest Scotch University. No one can visit St. Andrews without being benefited by its fine air and general briskness and life.

For holiday-makers who desire something quite out of the common Scotland has much to offer. Who amongst adventurous and the quieter type of holiday-maker can resist the lure of the Isle of Skye, the home of romantic legend, wild and magnificent scenery, rugged mountains, deep-set lochs, and wonderful air? Skye is wonderful indeed.

Wales is nearer home, and easily reached from all parts by the excellent G.W.R. service of expresses, and perhaps for that reason is more known as a holiday-ground, especially with the people of the Midlands and South of England. It has many of the attractions of Scotland in the general character of its wildest scenery, and it has a number of charming resorts.

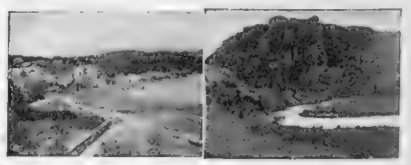


BEAUTY SPOTS OF WALES: The North Sands, Tenby, on left, and the Esplanade, Porthcawl, on right

On the Pembrokeshire coast, for example, picturesque Tenby, still partly encircled by its ancient town walls, with a charming little harbour, beautiful sands, good hotels and boarding-houses, and a surrounding district of much historical and pictorial interest. There are plenty of amusements, with sea trips and motor-tours to interest, and historic places and beauty spots.

Saundersfoot is a much smaller resort charmingly situated on the same coast-line, and much appreciated by the quieter type of holiday-maker. It possesses a fine beach and much of interest in its immediate neighbourhood.

Nor should Gowerton, Kidwelly, Oystermouth, Porthcawl, Penarth, and Swansea itself be overlooked, all situated at the Welsh side of the mouth of the Bristol Channel with a background of mountains, and much of historic interest.



RESORTS OF THE PRINCIPALITY: On left the charming bay of Saundersfoot; and right, Treffgarne Rocks, Fishguard

Both Fishguard, the Great Western Railway port for Ireland, and Goodwick have come into favour as holiday resorts. Goodwick is splendidly situated on high and well-wooded cliffs overlooking Fishguard Harbour, and possesses in the Great Western Railway Hotel a charming holiday place of residence. The village city of St. David's, with its cathedral, can easily be visited.

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C. H.

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51 A

MAINLY about DESERTION

By FERDINAND TUOHY

(Continued from p. 219)

from R.T.O.'s and R.T.O.'s devils on the look-out at railway stations.

We used to have to tackle a steady trickle of deserting Germans who would give themselves up at our wire with their famous "Kamarad!" An even steadier trickle, we were aware, also deserted to the rear and used to be helped over into Holland by brave Belges fairly raking in the shekels. So-called "Cook's Tours" of at least a dozen at a time would be piloted over the dread electric current on the frontier at a thousand francs a head, usually with the complicity of the local frontier guard. The best lad to get hold of, however, was the engineer in charge of the local current, and who just switched off until the decampers got over.

Often two or three Germans in a night would offer themselves at the British wire (and perhaps 50 per cent. be shot where they stood). The other half was most valuable for interrogating purposes since one could dangle such odd possibilities above the defaulters' heads—such as sending them back to their colonels—unless they answered what you asked. Usually they answered. In fact we got more out of Fritz than German Intelligence Officers got out of captured British and French. Captured documents bore testimony to this, such phrases occurring as "The French refuse to speak" and "The British appear to know nothing." This latter was, I think, a fair assessment. Your average Briton at war really took extraordinarily little interest in things about him save in so far as his interior, comfort, and leave were concerned. I once sat down opposite a Tommy as a test case, and he was ordered to answer all my questions to the best of his ability. I put him through the usual catechism reserved for captured Germans. For all the use his answers might have served, they could have been rifle-grenaded there and then over to Fritz. And my man had been provided by the C.O. as "an average example." But this is getting somewhat away from the subject—

From the "Sydney Bulletin"

"DID I LOOK LIKE THAT?": A cartoon captioned by an excerpt from an address by Ian Hay: "We are submerged by a flood of so-called war books which pretend to depict the men who fought for us. Some of these are conceived in dirt and are published for the profit dirt will bring."

The person who ought to be writing about desertion is surely Mr. Wickham Steed, that almost-last grandseigneur of Fleet Street! Right at the end, out in Italy, I came across Mr. Steed engaged, with Colonel Granville Baker, in a species of war-work bearing forcibly on the new legislation. Possibly 50 per cent. of the Austrian Army was then a discontented medley, and deserters would stream across to the French and British lines night after night. Mr. Steed's job was to devise leaflet propaganda to encourage and expand this desertion. "Come and eat real goulash," and that kind of thing. The French in the Grappa sector even organized pukka desertion posts, leaflets indicating their precise location, and the correct etiquette and procedure to be followed when deserting being adroitly dropped upon the enemy trench system.

Further reflections are these: In our cases charges were meticulously gone into, special attention being paid to battalion reports on the accused's record. If in any way it was possible to be lenient the court was. Men with quite bad records or who had tried to lead others to desertion were usually the only ones shot. It is true there was resentment at the enforced shooting of a man by his own comrades (one with a dummy cartridge and none knowing who), but the answer was 'Must bring the crime intimately home!' Next-of-kin were told that executed men had 'died while on active service,' but of necessity others in the unit allowed the truth to slip out, if not by letter, when on leave. This was admittedly a difficult feature, since the men simply *had* to be made acquainted with the fact that their absent comrade had not 'hopped it' scot free, i.e. had to know of the shooting. Else emulation. . . .

The impression one derives generally is that the Debate was not thrashed out enough. No mention was made of the substitute punishment proposed, nor was any difference drawn between desertion to the enemy—where a man is in a position to give away information—and desertion to the rear. However, perhaps it has been a case of much ado. One feels sure that in a national emergency a commander-in-chief who felt things were slipping would only have to ask for the re-enactment of the death penalty to see it instantly voted even by a Labour Government.

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Town Clerk, Dep. ZX.

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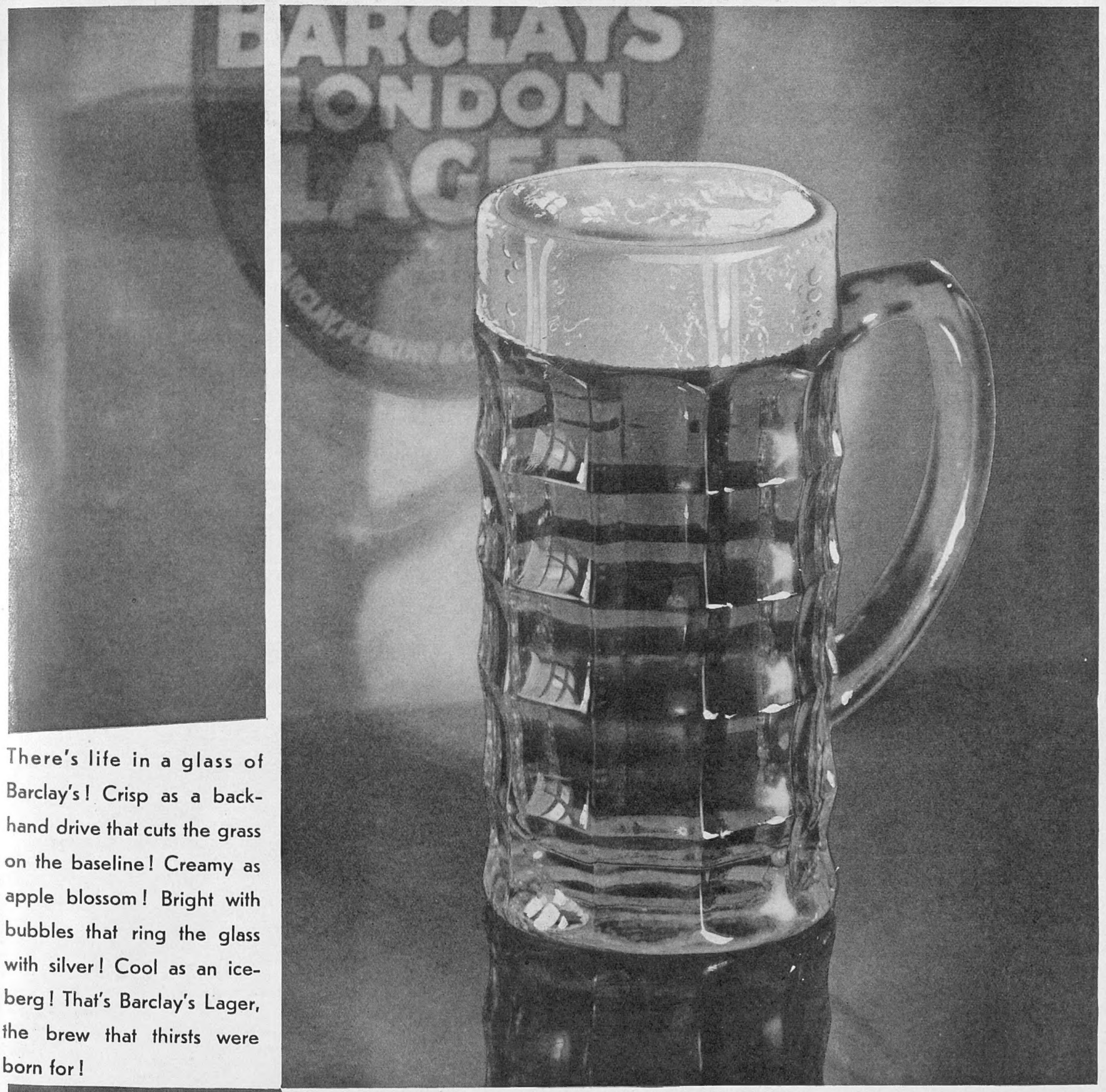

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Light or Dark—the drink for a lordly thirst

FAMOUS PEN HONOURED

It is interesting to note that the London Naval Treaty of 1930, enacted at St James's Palace, was signed by all the representatives of the nations concerned with a solid gold Swan pen made by Mabie, Todd, and Co., Ltd. The Swan was immediately afterwards presented by M. Aristide Briand to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as a souvenir of an historic occasion. A pen of similar design was used by the signatories to the Hague agreements dealing with the Rhineland evacuation on August 30 of last year, and remains in the possession of the Belgian Prime Minister.

NATURE ALLIED TO INDUSTRY

More than 170 years ago, when the founders of Carron Company were prospecting in Scotland for a suitable site on which to build their works, a site on the River Carron, near Falkirk, was decided upon, and the first furnace at Carron was lit in 1759. As the works increased, and to provide against scarcity of water for power, huge reservoirs known as the Carron dams were formed. This large water storage, covering an area of forty acres, formed as a thing of utility, has with the passing of the years, been transformed into a thing of beauty.

In this Carron domain of water, the rulers and workers are unquestionably the numerous members of the swan family which have their abode there. In the early days when Carron dams were formed it became imperative that the weeds should be kept in check, and it was decided that under-water scavenging should be performed by swans. A swan attendant was duly appointed to look after them, and his office is one of the old institutions at Carron which has been maintained to this day.

The swans are fed daily with Indian corn mixed with oats, together with scraps of bread, etc., but to gain their natural sustenance they feed off the weed-growths on the water-bed.

Many articles are produced at Carron works for sale purposes, but swans are not sold by Carron Company.

Douglas

A SCION OF SHORTHAND: Master Peter John, the son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. I. J. Pitman. Mr. Pitman (Eton and Oxford) is the eldest son of Mr. Ernest Pitman and the grandson of the late Sir Isaac Pitman. He played Rugby for Oxford in the 'Varsity match and for England v. Scotland. He also represented the Dark Blue v. the Light at Queen's after completing a successful career at Eton

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The following extract from a letter received from a headmaster vividly describes the condition of the kind of home from which children are received by the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2: "The boy in question came to this school some six months ago, and is at present in the top infant class, is a good little chap with many pleasing ways, but his home conditions have an entirely bad influence on him." The headmaster describes the boy's home life as follows: "The child does not receive a normal quantity of food, and sometimes has no breakfast. Dinner consists practically of dry bread, often about 3 ounces. He seems an unwanted child. Recently he came to school with a black eye, caused by his mother striking him. He is young and impressionable, and I think if taken from his present home he could be made into a good citizen." The Society by taking this boy into one of their Homes will see that he is well fed, properly clothed and educated, and in every way taught to become a good and useful member of the community. Please send a gift to help the Society to carry on this important work.

The BIRTH of the VIOLIN

The History of Gaspare da Salò

Until the middle of the nineteenth century it was commonly believed that the invention of the violin was due to Giovanni Kerlino, the originator of the famous Brescian school of lutists which trained the numerous *maestri* who afterwards founded the flourishing school of Cremona. It was only in 1901 that Matteo Butturini, a local student of antiquities, proposed that an epigraph should be placed on the house numbered 252 in the former "Contrata Violinorum" of Salòto:

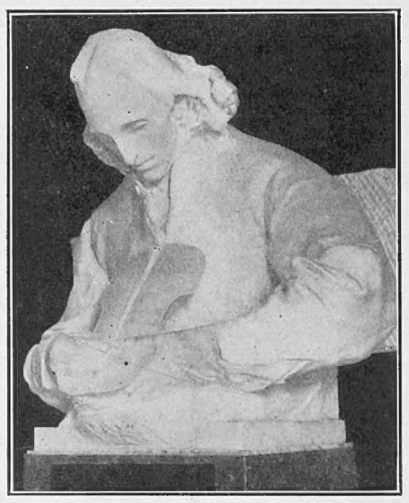
"Gasparo da Salò, the famous lute-maker, inventor of the violin, who was born there in the year 1542."

This, the first greeting of posterity, sets the stamp of immortality on Gaspare Bertolotti, a renowned lute-maker known as "il Salò," who was born in 1542 and died at Brescia in 1609. It is certain that Salò was his birthplace.

Gaspare made use of pine and larch-wood from the forests of Salò, matured by the sun and tempered by the lake breezes. He used to get his strings from Rome, where the *cordari* or string-makers formed a flourishing corporation, and as he soon began to have more commissions than he could carry out by himself, his eldest son entered the business and carried on his father's shop until his own death in 1624.

Even to-day Gaspare's violins are the most beautiful and melodious of their kind, and his fame has grown and increased for three centuries, though of the inventor himself until lately nothing was known but his designation, "Gasparo da Salò." His family name, his social condition, the situation of the magic workshop where he wrought the immortal wonders of his craft, all were unknown. Thin nose and abundant hair parted in the centre of a high and thoughtful forehead, and that is all that has been gleaned about his personal appearance.

About the middle of last century Fetis, in his *General History of Music;* the cultured English lutist, George Hart, in his classical study, *The Violin;* Vidal in his works, *Instruments à Archets* and *La Lutherie et les Luthiers;* and the Hill brothers of London, lutists and diligent students in their monograph, *Gasparo da Salò and his Predecessors*, united in giving Gaspare da Salò his due as the inventor of the violin. and gathered together such uncertain and fragmentary notices as were available about the infancy of the violin and the work of its creator.



THE INVENTOR OF THE MODERN VIOLIN: Gaspare da Salò

Finally, after much patient research in Lombardy, Cav. Giovanni Livi, formerly director of the Brescia State Archives, succeeded in re-creating the figure of Gaspare, as a sculptor brings out an effigy from the shapeless marble and makes him live again for us as a human entity.

D. L. P.

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